

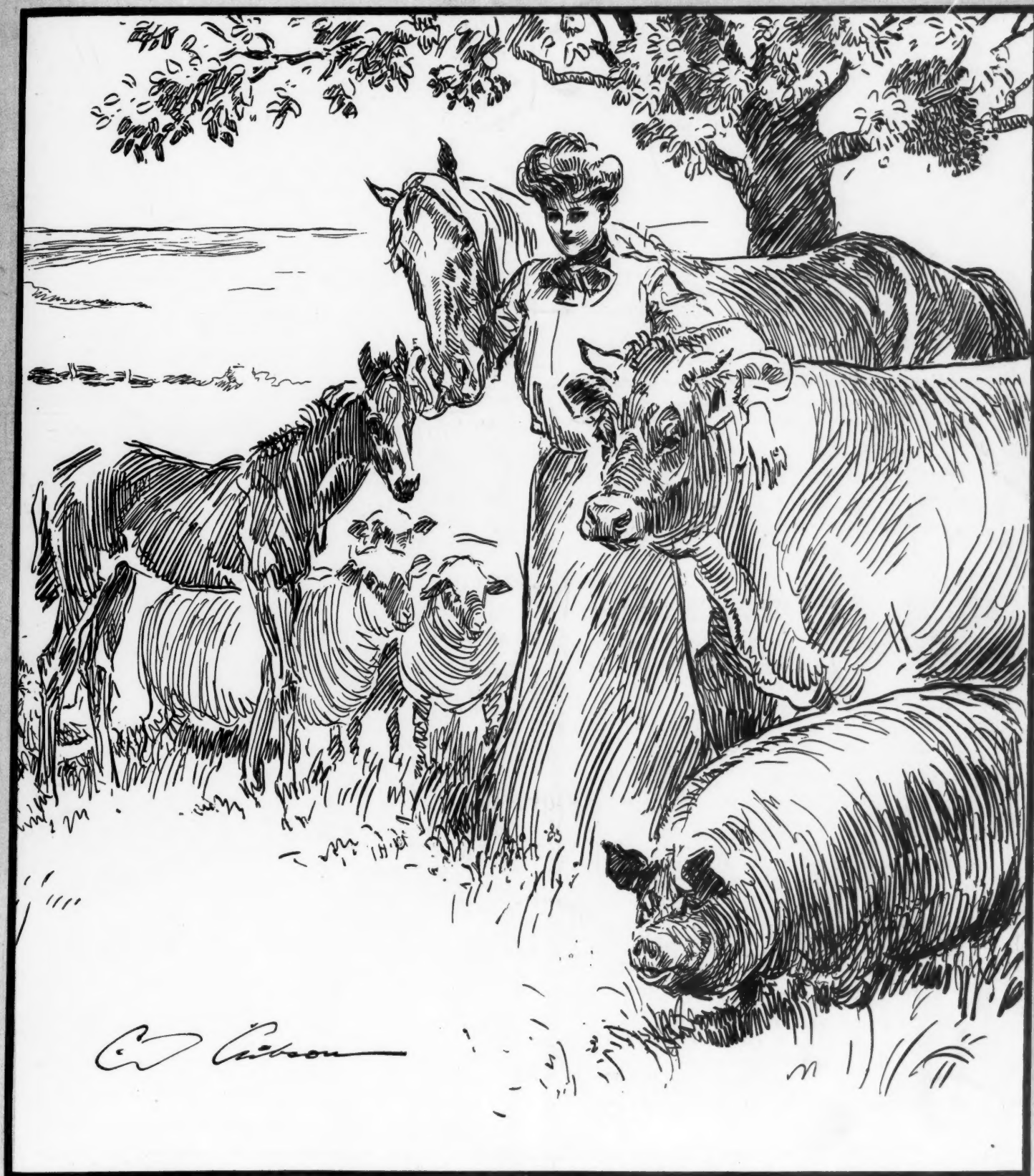
In this Number—"Things and the Man," by Rudyard Kipling

Collier's

August 6 1904

VOL XXXIII : NO 19

PRICE 10 CENTS



COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

HER SUMMER FRIENDS

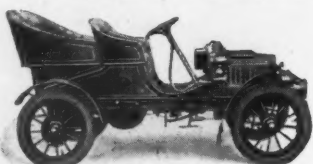
DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Another American Invasion



The progress of the Oldsmobile abroad has been a continual triumph. It has led the advance of automobiles into remote corners of the earth. Everywhere it is recognized as the world's standard runabout—the *best thing on wheels*.

Oldsmobile
Standard Runabout
Price \$650



Oldsmobile
Light Tonneau Car
Price \$950

Years of successful experience and the largest factory facilities in the world devoted exclusively to the making of automobiles, have enabled us to produce machines by the thousands where others produce by the hundreds and to attain the maximum of perfection at the minimum of cost to the purchaser.

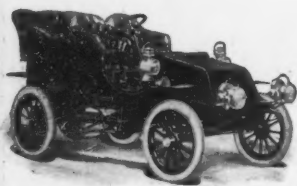
Our nearest sales agent will gladly furnish you full particulars regarding our 1904 cars, or write direct to Dept. K.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



WINTON



Makes Impossible Journeys Possible

First across the continent. First from Mexico to Puget Sound. First through Nova Scotia. First in speed, endurance, simplicity and positive reliability. Always showing abundant superiority by giving satisfactory service. Easiest to control. Least expensive to maintain.

Complete, with canopy top, lamps, horn, tools, etc., \$2,500; without top, \$2,300; f. o. b. Cleveland. Prompt Deliveries.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

Member A. L. A. M.

CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.

Branch Houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago

WINTON AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

The Fall Style Book

THE whole art of being well-dressed consists in this; 1—know how your clothes ought to look; 2—wear clothes that look that way; very simple.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Style Book shows you 1, and tells you how to do 2. It is an epitome of men's styles in clothes, shoes, hats, etc., illustrated—you see it as well as read about it. The book is looked for, welcomed, trusted, by a very great number of men.

The illustrations are of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; we made the clothes right before we illustrated them; it is more important to us than to anybody else to have them right.

The Fall Style Book has twenty-four pages with many full page illustrations; the cover in colors and gold. We send it for six cents to anybody who asks.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Is a delicious food-beverage—supplying nourishment, strength, and refreshment—for the tired body and wearied brain. Tempting to the appetite, and besides quenching the thirst, is highly nutritious. As a light luncheon or table beverage, it is relished by everyone, old or young, and is more invigorating than tea, coffee or cocoa.

Pure, rich milk and the extract of selected malted grain, in powder form. Ready in a moment by simply stirring in water. A nourishing, easily assimilated food in impaired digestion, satisfying without leaving any distressed feeling. A glassful taken hot upon retiring, brings refreshing sleep.

In Lunch Tablet form, also, with chocolate. A delightful confection far healthier than candy. At all druggists.

Sample mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

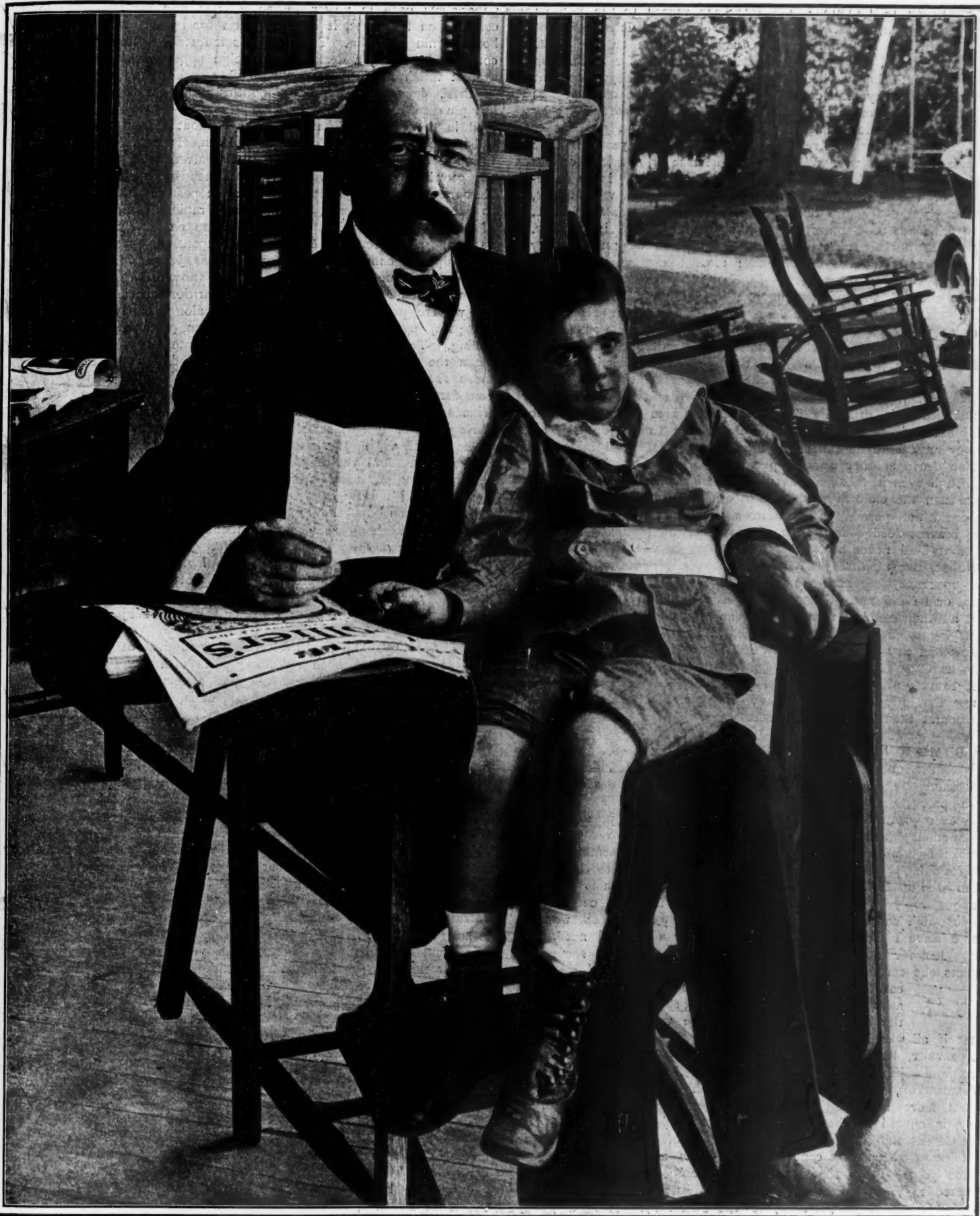
Horlick's Food Company, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London, England.

Montreal, Canada.

COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904



FROM STEREOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

MR. CLEVELAND'S ARTICLE IN COLLIER'S FOR JULY 23
Esopus, N. Y., July 21.—Ex-President Cleveland's article, printed this morning, was read with extreme pleasure at Rosemount. Judge Parker was especially impressed with the strength and lucidity of Mr. Cleveland's way of stating the issues. The opinion prevails at Rosemount that no stronger campaign article on the Democratic side has yet been published.—*N. Y. Times, July 22*

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, AND HIS GRANDSON,
ON THE PORCH OF HIS HOME AT ESOPUS



THERE IS COMING TO PASS, in regard to the PARKER telegram, about what was to be expected. It matters not whether they are for the Judge's election or against it, ordinary, clear-headed Americans must suffer a reaction after being worked into excitement over allegations that are absurd. They must come to see the facts in the more or less clear light of common-sense. They observe the part played by Mr. AUGUST BELMONT in the present campaign. They read that Senator McCARREN receives a salary of \$20,000 a year from the Standard Oil Company. Whether that be true or not, it is certain that the Senator is a very "smooth" man. They know something of the history of the adroit Blue-Eyed BILLY SHEEHAN, and a good deal more of the history of DAVID BENNETT HILL. The principles of BOURKE COCKRAN are not shrouded in mystery. These men form the group nearest to Judge PARKER; most likely to know and influence his councils; most likely, were he President, to compose or suggest his Cabinet. Now, men of this stamp secured the nomination of Judge PARKER at St. Louis, acting as his spokesmen. Certain promises and compromises were necessary to obtain that prize. When the nomination was secure, and could not be taken away, without putting the

HYSTERIA Democratic Party in the position of seeming to reject a man because he favored gold, the Judge sent his telegram. He was immediately hailed by that part of the press which is primarily interested in markets as a hero who had been willing to sacrifice the Presidency to his duty. Such idiocy must have its rebound. BRYAN'S Cross of Gold metaphor, which drove another class of people into frenzy, had its reaction, although even it, fallacious as it was, had a much solidier foundation than the childish story that to offer back a nomination when it could not possibly be withdrawn without absurd disaster was the bravest deed ever perpetrated in American politics. Inanities of that kind never pay. The people may become excited for a moment, but then they settle down to contemplate with disgust the spectacle they have made. Judge PARKER played good politics, or he did not. Those who tried to turn him into a hero did all they could to turn him into an ass. The newspaper which is trying to prove that it forced him to send the telegram is not doing him any more harm than the others which are still hailing him as CASABIANCA. If the Democrats wish to carry New York, not to talk of any Western State, they had better get busy and show that Judge PARKER is less of a plutocrat and more of a Democrat than THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN, ADDRESSING NEGROES, once said that a universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, could not safely be disregarded. If he had lived to start reconstruction properly, race prejudice would not have been disregarded. He drew, with his universal sympathy and sense, precisely the distinctions which BOOKER WASHINGTON is drawing now. To the blacks he said: "It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself and claims kindred to the great God who made him." Like BOOKER WASHINGTON also is this famous reply to DOUGLAS: "I protest against the counterfeit logic which concludes that because I do not want a black woman for a slave I must necessarily want her for a wife. I need not have her for either. I can just leave her alone. In some respects she certainly is not my equal; but in her natural right to

LINCOLN TO
THE NEGROES

eat the bread she earns with her own hands, without asking leave of any one else, she is my equal and the equal of all others." We venture the assertion that if all our Presidents, from ANDREW JOHNSON to THEODORE ROOSEVELT, had been as large and wise, in their view of this profound difficulty of race, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN and BOOKER WASHINGTON, the condition of the South to-day would be many times more hopeful than it is. Some encouragement, by the way, is offered by the bulletin of negro statistics just issued by the Census Bureau. The negro population of the Southern States has increased 33.1 per cent in twenty years, and the white population 56.5. From 1890 to 1900 the negroes in the South increased 17.30 per cent, and the whites 24.72. The death rate of the blacks is 30 per cent; of the whites 17. It is a good thing for the South that the whites have families so much larger than those at the North. Were it not so, the negro question would be an even greater menace than it is.

CHECKS ARE WHOLESOME. It is well to stop and take the reckoning. Anti-imperialism is a useful attitude, even though events would not have turned out differently had anti-

imperialists been in power. Even if it is best for the eagle to continue on his flight, it does no harm for certain passengers to howl warnings at him. The enormous industrial expansion of this continent, creating a demand for foreign opportunities, is a force against which no theories could possibly succeed, and commerce, in these days, usually propels politics. As the United States has plunged hither and thither, the voice of the critic has been loud in the land. He has had his say about Hawaii, Venezuela, Cuba, the Philippines, Porto Rico, China, Panama; the Constitution and JAMES MONROE have been waived industriously; but the growing spirit of world-adventure has hardly felt a check. European states have consulted about the possibility of combining to put a spoke in our chariot and have rapidly decided in favor of accepting the inevitable. Nature alone can call a halt. She has made a few remarks on industrial expansion, apropos of steel and shipping combines, and she may use Japan or some other large phenomenon to limit our political possibilities; but until some such comprehensive apparition checks us, we are pretty sure to go plunging along, partly for gain, partly to see what will happen, and keep the ball rolling. To some minds the expanding interests of all nations mean the approach of universal brotherhood. To others they mean the commercializing of the entire earth. To us it seems considerably foolish to be entirely certain what they mean. Our friends, the anti-imperialists, however, might quote with effect, during this campaign, certain words written by LINCOLN in 1859: "The principles of JEFFERSON are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashing calls them 'glittering generalities'; another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies,' and others insidiously argue that they apply only to 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard—the miners and sappers—of returning despotism. We must repulse them or they will subjugate us."

THE EAGLE'S
FLIGHT

WE ARE QUOTING LINCOLN a good deal at present, because we have been rereading parts of his life and works, and much that he said and did has a tempting relevance to the arguments which we are busily spinning out to-day. "I see you have a band," said LINCOLN to the Washington crowd which was celebrating LEE's surrender. "I propose now closing up by requesting you to play a certain air or tune. I have always thought 'Dixie' one of the best tunes I ever heard. I have heard that our adversaries over the way have attempted to appropriate it as a national air. I insisted yesterday that we had fairly captured it. I presented the question to the Attorney-General, and he gave his opinion that it is our lawful prize." "Dixie" was far and away the most popular "DIXIE" tune at the Democratic National Convention this summer. "Hail Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" did not compare with it in ability to raise enthusiasm. The crowd, Northerners as well as Southerners, cheered whenever the band struck up with "Dixie." This stirring tune, so rich in memories and so enlivening in itself, is yoked to words of such peculiar insipidity that, for a right-minded person, to sing them is to blush. A movement has been started to change the words, and, of course, the movement has come to nothing, not so much on account of old association as because there is no substitute presented. Let somebody offer to the public just the right words, and the favorite Southern tune might well become the national air.

"THERE IS A CHILD," said the "Irish Times," "in the Armagh County Infirmary who rejoices in the name of ROBERTS PRETORIA PEKING MCGARRITY," and is called BOBS for convenience. We have been reading lately two of the pamphlets of the Gaelic League, both written by a young woman but recently out of her teens, and yet full of a controlled and rational but intense conviction that Ireland, if she is to be alive, must be Irish. To read only English books, sing only English songs, look at only English pictures, practice English fashions, speak the English language, and then hope to accomplish anything by opposing British politics and religion, is, Miss BUTLER plausibly argues, absurd. "We can not have British minds and Irish souls." The language question is therefore at the root of the whole struggle. If Ireland is to be made essentially a part of Britain, it must be by lead-

IRELAND'S
QUESTION



ing Irish children to think and talk in English. If the Irish are to be a race apart, if Ireland is to preserve her separate nationality, it must be by leading her children to think and talk in Irish. The rest follows. After all has been said in explanation of the smoothness with which England and America now work together in the international field, the fundamental condition that makes it possible is the common language. It is the single language that enables this country, absorbing so many races, to maintain a type. The Irish men and women, therefore, who are heading a crusade for the revival of Gaelic speech, are taking the straight path to what they seek. Either England, by granting Ireland political freedom ultimately to equal that of Canada, will quiet her discontent and make her English, or Ireland, by reviving and maintaining a language of her own, will, by that distinction of speech primarily, keep herself in soul and thought a separate nation.

ITALIANS IN AMERICA are using many of the arguments of the Irish Nationalists, although, of course, without the Irish justification. Ireland is ruled against her will. Italians come to this country presumably because they wish to become Americans. Yet some of their most influential newspapers maintain a constant argument against dropping the Italian language in favor of the English. Their principal reason is the maintenance of ideals of beauty brought from a land rich in history and art, and a second reason is the possibility of working together, as a body of voters, for justice to Italians all over the United States.

ANOTHER
STORY

The maintenance of newspapers printed in Italian is not given among the arguments, but when we remember that the 400,000 Italians living in New York City alone keep up something like half a dozen newspapers in their native tongue, it is easy to think of one reason why those papers plead for Italian in the schools. The Germans have made sporadic efforts in the same direction, but rather as a matter of pride and world-politics, for as citizens they have been quick to amalgamate and to become in spirit part of America. It takes the Italians longer, mainly to their own detriment, somewhat to ours. They have, to be sure, suffered some outrageous treatment from lynchers, and some harsh discrimination from labor unions, but the quickest way for them to escape both evils is to master the tongue in which alone they can compete on even terms with other citizens of the country of which they have chosen to become a part.

WHEN GENIUS IS COMBINED with conviction, no matter what side of any truth is defended, we must be moved by the depth and beauty with which genius speaks. Nobody who holds the world's ear to-day speaks on public questions with anything like the sweep of Tolstoi. In the English world, the foremost place as literary critic of events at large is held by Kipling, and his voice compared to Tolstoi's is as a drum in comparison to distant thunder. We, individually, look upon the war in Asia with frank confusion. So vast are its possibilities for good and evil that we should feel silly in reducing it to the compass of any of our moral theories. Yet, with all this scepticism, when Tolstoi roars out his faith, we listen as reverently as if we believed his every word. With what majestic irony he regards the fighters and their machines: "People speak of the loss of the brave MAKAROFF, who, as all agree, was able to kill men very cleverly; they deplore the loss of a drowned excellent machine of slaughter which had cost so many millions of rubles; they discuss the question of how to find another

GENIUS

murderer as capable as the poor benighted MAKAROFF; they invent new, still more efficacious tools of slaughter, and all the guilty men engaged in this dreadful work, from the Czar to the humblest journalist, all with one voice call for new insanities, new cruelties, for the increase of brutality and hatred of one's fellow-men." The vast simplicity of genius lies in a phrase like the "drowned excellent machine of slaughter," and the grandeur of inspired simplicity breathes through the whole attitude of the foremost artist of our day. His opinion may be right or wrong, but as it is resplendent with the light of genius we value its expression more highly than the sensible opinions of a million lesser men. Truth is many-sided, and Tolstoi seems to scoop up all the truth there is on his side, while most of us, even if we have the stronger argument, express it haltingly in fragments. By a coincidence, at the same time that Tolstoi is stating so powerfully his view of the Christian religion, applied literally to the conditions of to-day, a book of his is republished which shows what shallows can go with the depths in a great man's mind. "What is Art?" written by the foremost

literary artist of our day, is one of the most hopelessly perverted treatments of the subject ever published. It makes art a mere handmaid to ethics. Many of the most splendid and beautiful painters, musicians, and writers of the world's history are condemned by the great Russian fanatic because their spirit is that of beauty and enjoyment, the spirit of Greece and Renaissance Italy, instead of the grave spirit of renunciation and self-sacrifice.

WE HAD EXPECTED, when we declared recently our reasons for not arguing further with the Socialists, that we should be overwhelmed with appreciation of our intelligence and magnanimity in refraining from debate where our position was consistently misunderstood. Far from being praised for a kind and uncombative spirit, we have been reproved, by the Socialists themselves, for a weak and timorous attitude: "I regret," says one, "you have taken too much to heart the sharp replies that you have received. In my opinion such action on your part would smack of your willingness to evade the shafts or darts; it shows lack of good fighting quality to run to cover under the pretext given." So little is our moral courage valued. Our friend goes on: "Socialism is a science. It needs all the advertising and dissemination it can get." We certainly had no wish to reduce its advertising. To proceed: "The working class and the public at large have been misinformed as to what Socialism is. The daily press, the weekly and monthly press, the pulpit, and the platform have misrepresented and prejudiced well-meaning people against it." The reason we do not care for elaborate arguments about

OBJECTIONS
FROM A
SOCIALIST

it is not any belief that harm can come from full discussion. It is simply our belief that Socialism is, in most cases, not a science. It is a religion. It is a matter of ardent faith, not of exact observation. We do not care to debate much about religion, because it stirs passions, leaves a sense of outrage, and accomplishes no visible good. Some of the most moving letters we have read have been written by disciples of the Socialist religion. Theirs is not a study in political economy. It is a cry. "We are wretches," they say, "slaves, who toil and suffer, day after day, year after year, until we die. Is there no promise on this earth for us?" Socialism tells them that there is a good time coming, when all men shall, as one of our latest correspondents seriously contends, "have porterhouse steaks, automobiles, steam-heated flats, private cars, yachts, or a few good horses." This is the faith that springs from deep desire, and it is no proper object of attack for us, with our weapons of the merely rational.

NO CLASS OF READERS keeps at us, and probably at other newspapers, more persistently than the Socialists, which is but an illustration of how deadly in earnest they are. One of them quotes some of the eloquent words expressing the ideals of LOUIS BLANC, and adds: "In nature we see the survival of the fittest. The weak are the prey of the strong. In the social world we see the same law. Christ taught a different law: that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak." Another commentator writes in a style so pleasing to our taste that we allow him to occupy the limelight during most of this editorial. "I am glad," he says, "that the Socialists have fallen foul of you and belabored your intellectual bald spot. I suppose you would have made the same remarks about the Abolitionists of old—despite the many mighty minds in sympathy and active touch with the movement. I fancy if you were to meet ROBERT BLATCHFORD, editor of 'The Clarion,' author of 'Merrie England' and 'Britain for the British' (two books it wouldn't hurt your intellect to read), or AUGUST BEBEL, G. BERNARD SHAW, WALTER CRANE, our own JACK LONDON, JEAN JAURES, WALTER CARPENTER, WATSON, the labor leader of Australia, or could you have met the late WILLIAM MORRIS, ZOLA, LIEBKNECHT, or LASALLE, you probably would have found them worth your while intellectually, even if you are editor of COLLIER'S. As to the rank and file—in my rude experience in the Socialist movement in this country—will say they compare more than favorably with the Republicans and Democrats. I have attended both old party conventions and Socialist conventions—and the Socialist conventions were composed for the most part of thoughtful men and not of a pack of bawling booze-fighters, such as I met at the old party assemblies. Socialism is not only political; it is a religion. While this letter may not be up to your intellectual standard, I am yours sincerely." He is quite up to our intellectual standard, and the enthusiasm and keenness of purpose of those who write to us on this theme make it hard for us to let it rest.

SENTIMENT
AND SARCASM



TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN W. D. VANDIVER ADDRESSING THE MISSOURI CONVENTION AT JEFFERSON CITY, AT ITS OPENING SESSION, JULY 19, 1904

MISSOURI RECLAIMS HER HONOR

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

CIVIC righteousness is no longer a subject of ridicule in Missouri. After years of increasing misrule and flagrant corruption the people of this State have aroused their common conscience into the magnificent and unmistakable ultimatum which declares that there is as much patriotism in the ballot as there is in the bullet, and that unless this cardinal principle of democracy is faithfully observed in the future, as it has not been in the past, the rights of the former will be supported by the vigorous exercise of the latter. Missouri is cleaning house.

In 1900 Mr. Joseph W. Folk, a bright young lawyer in St. Louis, was unwittingly placed on the Democratic ticket for the office of Circuit Attorney of St. Louis. He was elected. He discovered election frauds in the very election that brought him into office. He prosecuted the offenders of the law. He was charged with ingratitude, and was reminded that he was prosecuting Democratic ward heelers. He insisted that it was not his fault that dishonest men voted for him. His further reply, that "one who violates the law is not a Democrat, he is not a Republican, he is a criminal," is now a famous epigram in Missouri. He secured a number of election indictments. He soon discovered the

wholesale crime of the boodle plunderers. Laws were bought and sold openly and unblushingly. No circuit attorney had dared to attack this official brigandage. It was regarded as a suicidal step to try to reach one of these political bandits. Yet the newly elected Circuit Attorney went after them, and he went after them hard. When he was a candidate for office he repeatedly said on the stump and platform that if he were elected he would do his duty. The machine that had put him on the ticket thought it splendid campaign oratory, but the young candidate was not exploiting idle forensic, he was in earnest. When he persisted in his prosecution he was threatened, and close friends urged him to desist. The public was silent—they were waiting to see; the boodlers exhausted every method that might teach the reckless attorney better—but Mr. Folk, unmindful of every consideration save duty, pursued his course. Few may know how herculean was the task. For over twenty years at least the government had been a traffic. The buyers were citizens of wealth, presidents and directors of corporations, whose prominence lent respectability to the co-operative corruption. Thus corruption itself had become government, and when the rumor of attack was passed up and down through every department the inroad upon *this* government became high treason, and not the boodler, but the prosecutor, became the criminal. Every saloon in the city did partisan work in exchange for the privilege of the corruption it enjoyed, and every saloonkeeper as a rule became a local party boss. With two thousand ward and precinct bosses ready to do the bidding, however criminal, of those above them, and with impunity assured, their daring had no limit. No newspaper man or photographer was safe around a primary polling place. Their plans were remarkable for the colossal thefts involved. Despite all this the new Circuit Attorney had but one idea, and that was duty. The State of Missouri was his client. When indictments were secured, the solid, Gibraltar-like rank and file of the stalwarts resorted to new tactics. "Delay him, hamper him, thwart him, denounce him, and wear him out. There will be another election soon that will elect another prosecutor who will let the trials lapse. Get continuances, get demurrers, alibi witnesses, fix juries to hang if you can not buy acquittals." This is the sort of thing that the wit of one man had to contend with.

Missouri's Recora of Civic Crime

Evidence accumulated, indictments were secured, and juries brought in straight convictions. The penitentiary began to do its assigned work—millionaires took refuge in Mexico—some turned state's evidence, many confessed, some sixteen have been tried, out of which but one was acquitted. Under the administration of Mayor Ziegenhein it appeared that the only real business of the city government was boodle. Even in the State Senate chamber it was discovered that noted lobbyists were given seats in the Senate just behind a partition back of the Lieutenant-Governor's chair. The lobbyists entered through a private door closed to all save themselves. The chair followed their instructions in all matters in which they and the combine were interested, nor did it stop there. The Lieutenant-Governor himself paid out the boodle money to the Senators for their votes.

All this exposure, the moral awakening of Missouri,

the dawn of a new era of civic righteousness, was effected by the young man who came out of Tennessee, equipped with the heroic courage of plain honesty. This undemonstrative man of barely thirty-five years, slightly undersized, even-tempered, and with smilingly determined countenance, had given a new and vital definition to that very simple old Anglo-Saxon word *duty*. With no touch of *effect*, he tried his cases without excitement, declamation, or resentment. He worked not to prosecute an individual, but to defend the State.

Slowly but surely the power and leadership of the Circuit Attorney spread. It became the common pulse of the State. The machine took alarm. The Supreme Court was no stranger to gratitude, even if the Circuit Attorney was. It referred back for new trial most of the bribery convictions. It can not be anarchical for an outsider to question or even impugn the motives of the Supreme Court of a commonwealth when its own citizens openly voice an unmistakable discontent with its amazing procedures. This same Supreme Court has held that the ballot-box can not be opened in Missouri, even under the proper authorities, for the detection of fraud. It has also held that it is not an offence for one person to shove another out of line when he is trying



Hon. Champ Clark, who was Chairman of the Democratic National Convention, takes a hand in his State Convention



Ex-Congressman W. D. Vandiver, a strong supporter of Mr. Folk; Temporary Chairman of the Jefferson City Convention

to reach the ballot-box to vote. And it has made other similarly interesting rulings, which prove that practical politics in St. Louis has for several years meant the elimination of the voter at elections. It is no cause for wonder that the people of the State have clamored for the impeachment of one of these judges.

Indignation has multiplied like typhoid germs under a tropic sun. At the primary elections the St. Louis machine did its worst. The word "Indian" is a common political term in Missouri and is used by both sides in the most matter-of-fact way. The term has been defined as "a political worker so daring and energetic that he will not stop at murder for whoever can pay the price." These Indians were used at the primaries.

There was no Folk boom in Missouri—Missouri was seized with a Folk epidemic. The machine must be desperate. The Indians were put into operation, repeating and pushing others out of line. Police Commissioner Hawes of St. Louis and Mayor Reed of Kansas City became the two candidates opposing Folk. They hoped to secure enough votes, jointly, out of the cities where they controlled things to check the popular tide. Desperate measures were resorted to—they carried St. Louis and Kansas City, but that was not enough. Then they proposed to take a multitude of Indians to Jefferson City to howl and brawl, and, if need were, to knock the convention into machine line. Then it was that the farmers declared for guns. They would bring their shotguns and win their emancipation from boodler tyranny with blood if need were. But the Folk force grew faster than Kansas corn at night. Out of one hundred and sixteen counties in the State one hundred and nine were unanimously for Folk, so the shotguns were left at home. The rugged honesty of Missouri came to that convention—there the artillery of conscience opened fire, and the once powerful machine was broken and wrecked under the assault. It was not a politicians' convention, but a people's convention. It deliberated not upon party issues and expediency, but upon common decency and honesty. It openly invited, yes, demanded, the corrupt element to walk not only out of the party, but out of the State. It was a call to the honest men of Missouri to save the State from the deliberate theft of all her constitutional liberties. It was an appeal to the minute men of the ballot, and the minute men answered the call.

Long before noon on Tuesday, July 19, the corridors of every hotel in Jefferson City were filled and every available room was assigned twice over. For every delegate there were two visiting spectators who came to see Missouri do her duty. The peerless Harry Hawes, the ex-Police Commissioner and handsome young machine maker and leader of St. Louis, came with his Indian braves and twelve thousand bottles of beer. It was hot weather; cool drinks were in demand.

Beer and Water

In sharp contrast to this were the large galvanized iron tubs of pure filtered ice-water—a luxury in any Missouri River town—which were offered to the thirsting populace by the Folk headquarters. As a race between beer and water the water wagon won. Men went coatless, and the white badge bearing the inscription "Folk and a Clean Ticket" was pinned to every suspender in town. There was little demonstration and much earnest talk. Men had come to do business, not to hurrah. A ragged little band in misfit uniform swung around the corner of Main Street to the Madison House, the delegates' headquarters, and started to play "Easy Steps for Little Feet," but a good old bay mare refused to stand for such uncommon hilarity and the band gave it up. The town had more guests than its hotels could feed, so the "earnest workers" seized the opportunity, and the Sunday-school rooms of the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Catholic churches were converted into temporary restaurants, and the ladies were "right glad to do it." Shortly after twelve o'clock the convention was called to order in the House of Representatives at the Capitol building. The pastor of the local Methodist Church led the conclave in prayer and asked the Creator to particularly bless and help all the people from the State's western boundary to its eastern boundary, and from its northern boundary to its southern. There was no spirit of restriction in this limitation of divine grace, for everybody was in line for Missouri that day.

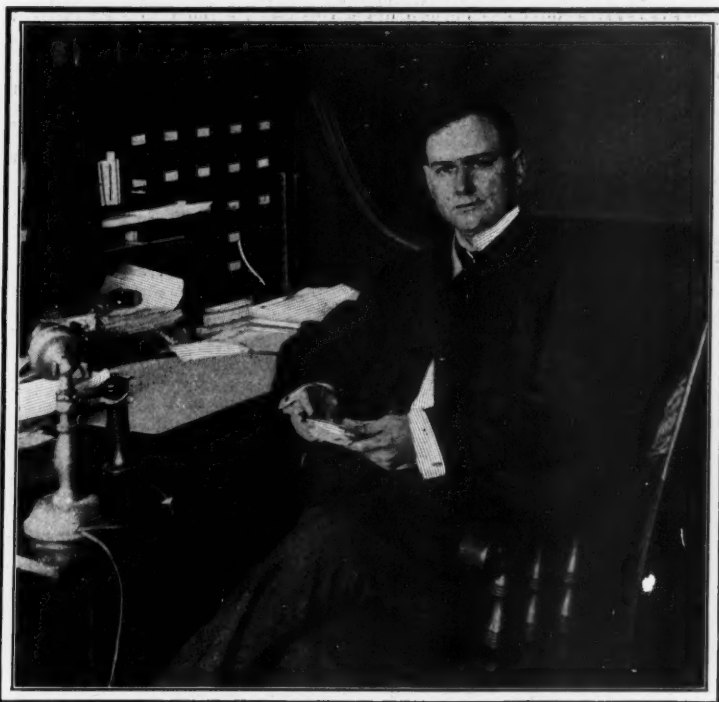
The first show of strength of the Folk forces was made when the question of temporary secretary was brought before the convention. The machine candidate proposed by the State Central Committee was voted out by a majority so overwhelming as to be almost unanimous. Congressman W. D. Vandiver, who has been most active in arousing the fighting blood that is to-day saving Missouri, was made temporary chairman. The Committees on Resolutions and Credentials were put to work, and the convention adjourned till evening.

The Committee on Reception had shown uncommonly happy foresight in placing the large sleeping tent provided for the Hawes Indians from St. Louis at the bottom of a steep terrace in the Capitol park. The Kansas City Indians also shared the hospitality of this wigwam. During the afternoon after the first short session a delegation of Indians started out for the State penitentiary on the east hill of the city to call on their former political pals. But their reception was not what they had expected. The Folk fog had settled over the great valleys of the Missouri and it chilled them. The

fading away of any hope of pardon for four years was not conducive to warm-hearted handshaking, and the perplexed Indians trailed back to camp. During the night the twelve thousand bottles of beer did service. The lights from the Senate Chamber of the Capitol building told that their "Valiant Harry" was making the fight of his life in the hearing before the Committee on Credentials, and that the machine, though dying, was dying hard. With the first break of day the unsteady minds of the Kansas City Indians thought it was about time they climbed into the band wagon that was going to travel with the procession, and they began to yell for Folk. That such an inspiration could come out of the cool bottles of Hawes beer did not please the St. Louis warriors, and they sprang from their cots and threatened to put the Kansas City fellows out. This only served to increase the ardor of the new Folk cohorts, and a free-for-all fight followed that was almost as near the "real thing" as the fixed affairs that the St. Louis Chief of Police declared were "gotten up once a week just for the boys." The Jefferson City police, with their deputies and special officers, broke in and made some arrests. Revolvers were brought into use, at the police station a few fines were imposed, and when the sun first looked up the river all was quiet at the calaboose and the inmates of the wigwam were harmonized in sleep.

Boodler the Paramount Issue

The Committee on Resolutions completed its work early. It declared boodler to be the paramount issue, and in its platform said: "Through the work of Democratic officials of Missouri, the 'Missouri idea' has become a slogan all over the land. The appalling exposures of corruption in Missouri have brought upon the good citizens in this State the responsibility of stamping out the things that dishonor and oppress. Bribery



JOSEPH W. FOLK

Democratic Nominee for Governor of Missouri

Mr. Folk is Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, and is the man who single-handed in the past year has brought to bay and sent to jail the majority of the gang of boodlers, bribers, and bribe-takers who up to that time had been robbing and ruling the city of St. Louis. The ring is not entirely broken up yet, but Mr. Folk has been nominated on an anti-boodler and anti-corruption platform, and relentless war is to be waged by him and his administration upon the corrupt politicians and bribe-giving corporations of Missouri.

aims at the assassination of the commonwealth itself. In the city of St. Louis, according to the confessions of those implicated, for twenty-five years bribery stalked through the legislative halls. Corruptionists grew arrogant and powerful. They were confident in their wealth and political power, and felt that no one dared attack them. In our State Legislature, legislators have forgotten their high commission, and have become involved in the meshes of greed. Democratic officials have exposed these conditions, and laid upon the offenders the heavy hand of the law. We indorse the work that has been done, and we here declare unremitting warfare against corruption and pledge the Democratic party to hit corruption, and hit it hard, whether in our own ranks or in the ranks of the opposition party. The decree has gone forth that there is no room in the Democratic party for boodlers. We repudiate their support and do not want their votes. We invite such as are masquerading under the cloak of the Democratic party to bolt, and propose to make them bolt, not only the party, but the State. We have confidence in the honesty of the people, and to them we appeal for success."

"Honest Government" is the Watchword

Upon this paramount plank there was no minority report. No one would have dared to make it. The whole issue in Missouri is simple honesty and nothing else. The "Missouri idea" is *honest government*, and it knows no other idea until that is accomplished. Missouri has put to shame her sister States who turn their deaf ear and blind eye to their legislative corruption, and make their campaigns out of flamboyant oratory

that eulogizes their party's virtues thirty years ago. The all-night and all-day session of the Committee on Credentials in the Senate Chamber was another exposition of the "Missouri idea." Though the committee was composed almost wholly of Folk delegates, it decided against its interests whenever it found that the reformers had failed to practice as they preached, and had held primaries contrary to strict compliance with the law. The long session of this committee was the most important meeting of the whole convention. Its members were untiring in their zeal to go to the bottom. They were earnest men, keen to save their State, and they meant to strike at the very root of their political evil, and they did. The most dramatic figure in that hearing was Mr. Harry Hawes, the young aspirant for gubernatorial honors, backed by the St. Louis machine. His fight was manly. He was always fair. He was a natural leader and his great popularity was readily understood. He proved himself to be a man whose friendship was worth courting. In other words, he was far too splendid a fellow for the company he was with. He had been caught in the meshes of party building and party protecting, and he had been dragged down by the men who fain would boost him up.

During the long hours that this committee was in session the chamber was jammed to its capacity—the interest was that keen. To try to relieve the congestion the convention was called to order in the other wing of the State House, and the delegates were entertained with speeches by Senators Stone and Cockrell, Congressman Champ Clark, and Governor Dockery. The band outside playing in the park was ordered to stop its noise. It was the State of Missouri's busy day. It was a striking contrast to the moral imbecility of the credentials committees of the conventions recently held in Chicago and St. Louis. At the latter, the chairman of the Committee on Credentials went before that great body of delegates, and in a cowardly speech urged them to seat the Illinois delegation and to ignore the minority report, because, as he said, "we none of us can stand the searchlight of investigation." In contrast to this witness the "Missouri idea" expressed by one of the weary committeemen at Jefferson City, who declared: "I do not care how much sleep I lose, we must not slide over one single fact of evidence in this contest. Missouri is waiting to hear from us, and the country needs to hear from Missouri. We will keep these delegates here all summer if need be, but Missouri must settle this right." Gray-haired old farmers and pert young lawyers came to tell all they knew, and car conductors and indicted repeaters were there to confess before that committee. Over two thousand affidavits were presented, and when at Wednesday midnight the convention was again called to regular order there were many new faces among the delegates, and as many old faces were gone.

The Midnight Session

The jam that forced its way to the doors of the House of Representatives at the opening of that midnight session soon became a mob. Where there was room for one person there were already three standing. The chairman ordered the sergeant-at-arms to clear the hall. They might as well have tried to banish the moon. Everybody knew that two things would happen before daybreak—the report of the Committee on Credentials would be read and Folk would be nominated. The mob wearied itself into quiet, and at about one o'clock the curtain rose on the climax of the great drama that had been billed over the State and the country for so long. The work of the Credentials Committee was approved. The paramount issue offered by the Committee on Resolutions was cheered to an echo. The clause favoring the recovery of franchises received by bribery was cheered to two echoes, and the committee's report was adopted.

Then came the nominations. The First Congressional District yielded to the Fifth, and the Honorable William H. Wallace of Kansas City made a very praiseworthy but unnecessary speech nominating Mr. Joseph W. Folk for Governor of Missouri. Then occurred the first great demonstration at Jefferson City. When it subsided the Second Congressional District yielded to the Eleventh, and the City Attorney of St. Louis, Thomas L. Anderson, made a splendid sophomoric demonstration of extravagant forensic and nominated for Governor Harry Bartow Hawes. His oratory was responded to by a very noisy demonstration from a very small corner of the house. The mass of the convention sat stolid through it all. In opening, Mr. Anderson said that he heartily approved of the lofty sentiments expressed by Mr. Wallace, but he came to nominate the man who made the Wallace candidate possible. This declaration was unquestionably true. Mr. Hawes has been one of the ticket makers of St. Louis, but, as one of the delegates suggested, Mr. Folk has yet great work before him for the remainder of his term, and he is the man to carry it through. Among the thieves, who, after selling all the city streets, tried to sell the Court House, there is yet much work to be done. The St. Louis Circuit Attorney's work has just begun, and if Mr. Anderson's words are true and Mr. Hawes approves of the work of Folk, and he has the power to name the city's ticket, he has now before him the chance to show the people of Missouri how good a Governor he would have made by producing a new legal administration that will complete the fight which Mr. Folk has so ably begun against the political crim-

inals that are still at large and bartering in the market of corruption the honor, integrity, rights, and welfare of their city and their State.

Mayor Reed of Kansas City withdrew his candidacy, and hence there were but two nominations made. The roll-call of counties was taken. There were 109 counties that voted for Folk as against 6 that opposed him.

The Return of the Goddess of Liberty

When the announcement was made the convention for a moment sat motionless and silent. Then went forth a storm of noise that rudely woke the convicts from their dreams—a noise that echoed into dots and dashes, humming far away to every Middlesex village and farm the glad news that the State was safe. A reporter found himself in a rhetorical famine, and in his last throw scribbled across his page, "The Goddess of Liberty is coming back home."

Mr. Hawes offered a courteous motion to make Mr. Folk's nomination unanimous, and he personally ushered Mr. Folk to the platform. Here both made acceptable addresses, and when the all-night session adjourned Mr.

Folk slipped down to embrace and caress the woman who, when his days were darkest and his task was hardest, had faithfully stood by and cheered him on.

The rest of the ticket was comparatively unimportant and was selected at the subsequent sessions. A fight was made against Sam B. Cook, who was running for renomination as Secretary of State. No one can meet Mr. Cook without thoroughly understanding his wide popularity. Delegates were instructed to vote for him, but he had confessed to having volunteered, while Secretary of State, to witness the giving of a bribe. The "Missouri idea" had taken root. The uncompromising Missourian had come to learn that he who gives a solemn oath to serve the people of a great commonwealth and then betrays them by concealing the knowledge of official crime, permitting thereby the deadly cancer of corruption to grow on the very bosom of the State he swore to serve and protect, is as guilty of high treason as is a military officer who will volunteer to bear silent witness to a spy's investigation of the fort on the day before attack. This is the unfortunate position of Cook, who otherwise is unquestionably an estimable man. But because of this the

delegates asked Mr. Cook to withdraw, to relieve them of their instructions. This he declined to do. They voted for him, true to their instructions, muttering that the ballots of November that elect are not yet counted. But the great achievement came at the dawn of Thursday, July 21, A. D. 1904. The triumph of honest government in that State House will go forth and be a more potent power in the land than anything said or done at either of the national conventions.

Missouri Finds a Man

On the banks of that mighty muddy river the "Missouri idea" was born. Under the gray light of approaching day farmers and tradesmen, honest men of Missouri, stood on the Capitol steps smiling, grasping hands, "reckoning" that they had done it right. Tears of joy touched the cheeks of gray-haired men. The river was a flood of rose and purple. It was a morning to remember. As Lowell has made Columbus say, "Great days have ever such a morning red." Civic righteousness was born again. A commonwealth had claimed its own—Missouri had found a man.

KUROPATKIN'S "OLD MAN OF THE SEA"

By H. J. WHIGHAM, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Manchuria

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

MUKDEN, June 16

AT two o'clock in the morning I am sitting in the refreshment-room of the Mukden Railway Station waiting for a train to take me to Harbin and on to Europe. It is a gaunt whitewashed room with trestle tables at which a number of Russian officers, Red Cross doctors, and engineers are still sitting drinking beer or tea or eating a belated meal. At the side of the room next the door there is a bar covered with a most unappetizing array of fly-blown "hors d'oeuvres," meant to accompany the glass or two of vodka, without which the average Russian can neither breakfast, dine, nor sup. Twice in the course of the last three hours a troop train has arrived on its way to the front, disgorging a band of officers who swarm into the "buffet" to seize the passing glass of vodka or champagne. There is a great clanking of spurs, much handshaking and kissing of bearded men by bearded men, and the newcomers eagerly ask the news of yesterday's fight. Every one talks at once until the bell rings for the third time, summoning the travelers back to their dirty crowded train which has been their home for weeks. It is a scene typical of warfare, where fine trappings and gold lace are mingled with dirt and squalor. The only thing wanting to complete the picture is a hole or two in the wall from shell-fire. But Mukden has not yet seen bloodshed. To-night, though, the reality of war is brought near to us. Every one is talking of the disaster which overwhelmed Stakelberg at Wa-fango-ko the day before yesterday. The Viceroy received the telegram after a large dinner party some time last night. It was short and to the point. Stakelberg had suffered a reverse, his artillery had been literally smashed up by the superior fire of the Japanese, and his army was in full retreat. His losses could only be vaguely guessed; they were certainly over three thousand. To-day's report puts them at six thousand with seventeen guns.

For the first time since war broke out the Russians begin to be really despondent. Why is it, they ask, that the Japanese are always victorious? Why do they always produce more men at a given spot than the Russians, and why are their guns superior in range and effectiveness? I daresay that many people in Europe and America are asking the same questions, and for that reason I would like to point out one or two of the conditions which so far have hampered Kuropatkin's movements and brought disaster upon him.

No greater misfortune can befall a commander-in-chief than to be forced by his Government to modify his strategy to suit political exigencies. When Kuropatkin came to Manchuria he was given complete command of the army in the field. He could have accepted the post of commander-in-chief under no other conditions. He was the one man in military circles in Russia who consistently set his face against war, and he was one of the few who rightly gauged the efficiency of the Japanese army and navy. He had recently returned from a tour in the Far East which had opened his eyes to the real condition of affairs. He was therefore opposed in all his views and sentiments to Admiral Alexieff. The Viceroy is always supposed to have sent repeated warnings to St. Petersburg telling the Czar that the Japanese meant to fight—which warnings were completely ignored. But that supposition, though partly based on fact, does not give a true idea of Alexieff's attitude. He may have foreseen war, but he looked upon the issue as a foregone conclusion. His contempt for the Japanese was supreme. "Let them fight; if they want to, and the sooner the better" was the sense of his despatches. And he was the one man of all others who was responsible for the war. He

boasted that he had taken Manchuria without firing a shot, and that he would repeat the process in Korea. As a matter of fact, he had not taken Manchuria. The virtual occupation of that country was the result of a long-thought-out policy on the part of the forward party in the Far East. The Boxer movement played into the hands of the party at the most opportune moment, and Manchuria was plucked like a ripe peach without an apparent effort. Alexieff happened to be in command of the Russian naval forces at the time, and, being a man of stubborn spirit and inordinate ambition, he was used by the cleverer men as a useful figurehead.

The Arrogance of Alexieff

Unfortunately for the Russians, the useful tool became a stupid and conceited workman. His arrogance knew no bounds. Firmly believing that the whole Manchurian scheme was his own invention, he naturally supposed that he would be equally successful in Korea, and instead of sitting still for the moment and consolidating his forces, he rushed into a policy of aggression on the

criminal state of unpreparedness in which Alexieff was at the beginning of the war. Even the Viceroy's pet fortress—impregnable in theory—was quite unfit to stand a three months' siege. It was lacking in troops, food, ammunition, and everything necessary for defence. Consequently the whole energy of the railway and of the army was devoted to the task of replenishing Port Arthur. When the fortress was finally cut off at the beginning of May, Kuropatkin was able for the first time to attend to the requirements of his own army—or rather what was left of his army. He immediately made preparations to remove his base to Tieh-ling, some fifty miles north of Mukden, and expected Alexieff to go to Harbin, where he would have been more out of harm's way. Unfortunately, at this juncture the Japanese did not come on as they were expected to do—consequently there was really no excuse for evacuating Liao-Yang, and Alexieff remained at Mukden.

There he could still keep up his state in the eyes of the Chinese. Inclosed in a sort of Forbidden City near the railway station, where no foreigner could come

near him, he still bullied the Chinese Viceroy, issued bombastic edicts, alternately threatening and cajoling the native population—was still in fact a very big person, especially in his own estimation. But one may imagine that it was not pleasant for the commander-in-chief to have another headquarters only sixty versts away from his own base. In the meantime Port Arthur was invested and every day was threatened with destruction. The fall of Port Arthur means more to Alexieff than any one else in Russia, because it is his own particular child, the stronghold that he boasted could never be taken—it is in fact the emblem of the whole policy of expansion which he imagines he inaugurated. Hence his acute desire to relieve the place at all costs, and hence all these tears. To send down Stakelberg's army corps into the Liaotung Peninsula, where he was flanked on one side by Kuroki's army and on the other by the sea with its open road for Japanese transports, was to court disaster. And, worse still, Kuropatkin, who was just succeeding in getting a fairly good army together, was drawn south away from his base at Liao-Yang to support the ill-fated relieving

force. Defeat was certain, and it came in due course. Kuropatkin will be fortunate if his own army, which is now dangerously strung out southward, suffers no more serious reverse. But what does Alexieff care as long as his personal prestige is upheld in the eyes of his Chinese subjects? To go to Harbin would be almost to abdicate his throne. More than that, he must force Kuropatkin to take the offensive, lest the Viceroy should "lose face" with the Chinese, by always being on the defensive. He thinks apparently that by such hazardous means he can induce the Chinese to believe that it is only a question of time when the great arm of Russia will sweep these insolent island marauders into the sea.

Of course, the Chinese are not to be hoodwinked in that fashion. They laugh at the great Russian ostrich, with his head buried in his forbidden city by the railway station. That only makes the matter worse for Kuropatkin. The prestige of Russia in general and of Alexieff in particular was lost long ago, and still Kuropatkin is forced to make his strategy conform to the face-saving efforts of this stupid, arrogant Viceroy, who, if he were not for private reasons a persona grata at court, would long ago have been removed to another sphere of action.

That, to begin with, is a fairly good reason for the Russian general's lack of success.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN ON THE STATION PLATFORM AT LIAO-YANG

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. F. A. ARCHBOLD, COLLIER'S CORRESPONDENT WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Yalu which in itself made war with Japan a certainty. On the other hand, he incensed all the other powers by his conduct in Manchuria itself. He could have had all the control he wanted in the country without irritating any one. His subordinates implored him to consent to the opening of the new treaty ports. They rightly pointed out that a generous policy in such matters could not hurt Russia and would conciliate both Chinese and foreign opinion. But he knew better. His attitude became more uncompromisingly anti-foreign than that of the most conservative Chinese official—with the result that he forced the United States into the arms of Japan. In military matters he was equally deaf to reason. Reports were made to him which would have convinced a sensible man that he was sitting on the edge of a volcano. Alexieff put them in the waste-paper basket.

The Evil Alexieff Has Done

It is fairly obvious that, such being his conduct and character, there could be no cohesion between himself and Kuropatkin. And yet such has been the influence of the Viceroy at St. Petersburg that he has been able to a certain extent to control Kuropatkin's movements, and thereby to work him much harm. As soon as Kuropatkin arrived on the scene of action, he saw the



"STRIKE BREAKERS"—MEMBERS OF A PACKING HOUSE'S OFFICE FORCE AT WORK LOADING REFRIGERATOR CARS



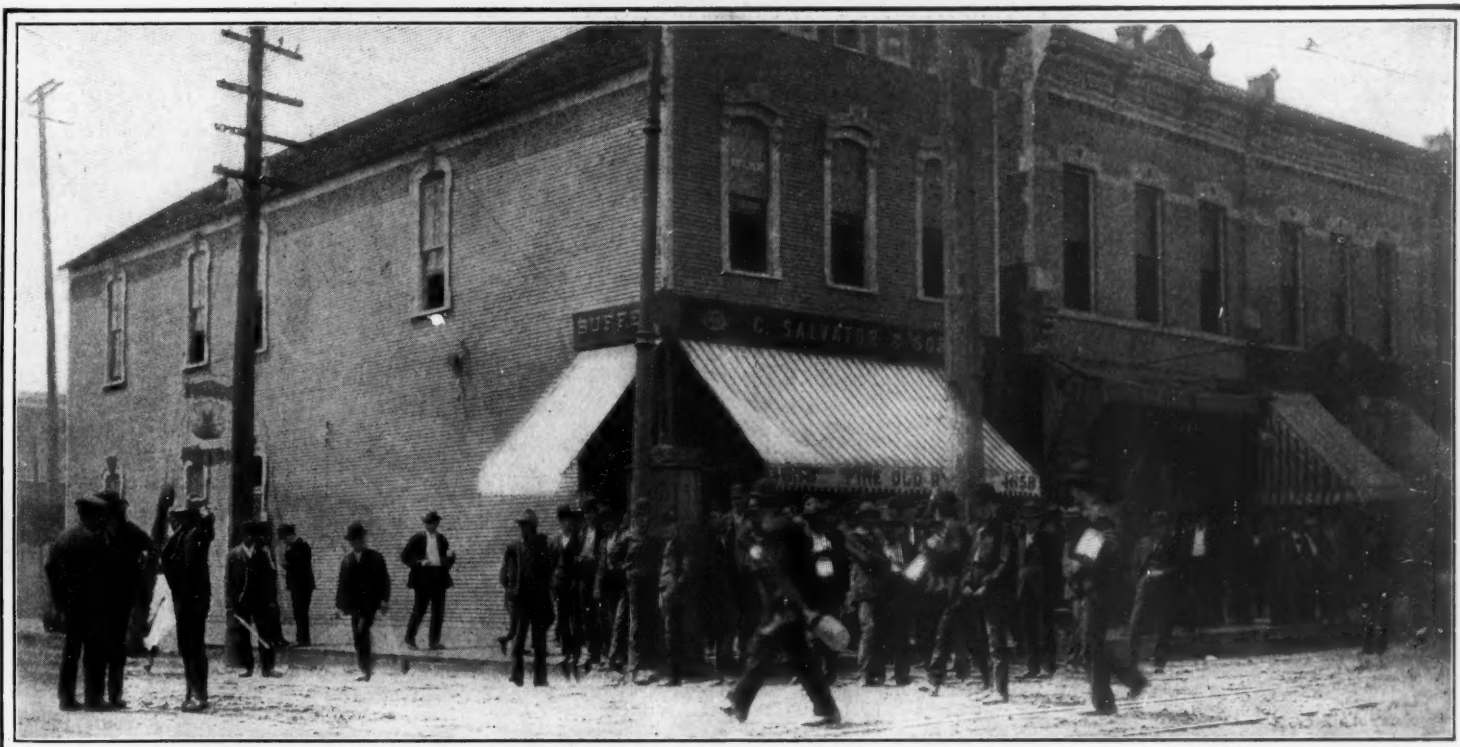
A CONSULTATION OF SUPERINTENDENTS



GIRL STRIKERS AT THE PAY WINDOW



A RIOTER IN TROUBLE



HEADQUARTERS OF THE STRIKERS AT ASHLAND AVENUE AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

RENEWAL OF THE STRIKE OF THE BUTCHER WORKMEN IN CHICAGO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOK & WAGNER

JAPAN'S "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" TOUR TO THE SEAT OF WAR

INCLUDING VISITS TO FLEETS, DOCKYARDS,
BESIEGED CITIES, PRISONERS OF WAR, ETC.

By ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT

Collier's Special Correspondent aboard the Official Excursion Boat

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



Russian convalescent prisoners, with Japanese physicians and nurses, at the Matsuyama Hospital

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP "MANSHU MARU," June 15

THE steamship *Manshu Maru*, captured from the Russians in the early part of the war, has been fitted out by the Japanese Government to convey a party of distinguished statesmen, the disappointed naval attachés, and hated foreign correspondents to witness the fall of Port Arthur. At least, that is what we hope, or profess to hope, for the purpose of keeping up one another's spirits; meanwhile we are conducted on a glorified Cook's tour round places of interest in Japan, and then go on to Korea.

When Admiral Togo and the Commander of the Second Army Corps are ready, they are going to send us a wireless telegraph message to say that the doors will be open at such and such an hour, and we shall then take up a strategic position amid exploding shells, meandering mines, stray torpedoes, and the other dangers attendant on naval warfare. That is the programme; how far it will be carried out nobody knows, not even the immortal Togo, for even he can not arrange the exact date with General Stoessel for the fall of the town.

Starting from Yokosuka on June 12 we have wandered from Kobe to Myiajima and from there to Kure. Myiajima is sacred to Benten, the Goddess of Wealth, but, like all the other gods and goddesses, she is somewhat out of favor just at present: the terms of the recent loan are not considered creditable to her fiscal ability. However, her home is a beautiful one. Kure is Japan's great naval arsenal and dockyard. They make everything there from a cruiser to a cartridge case, and it well deserves its title of the Pittsburg of the Orient. They were pressing 8-inch guns into shape with a steam hammer capable of a pressure of four thousand tons, which crushed the spirit out of the mass of red-hot steel. We were shown a mechanical mine, whose twin brother blew up the *Petropavlovsk*—a harmless-looking red ball studded with nails, which when struck explodes the guncotton.

Most interesting of all was a torpedo exhibition in the bay. Three targets were placed in position, the furthest some two thousand yards away. They discharged the torpedo, which entered the water like a fish, dived six feet, then, traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, passed under the first two targets and struck the third. The poor battleships are helpless against such an enemy. No wonder they contemplate building floating docks to house them in at night!

Lusty Sport for Japanese Naval Cadets

June 17

TO-DAY we visited the naval college at Edajima. This is the home of the budding Togos for the three years before they enter the navy. According to the authority of the naval attachés of England, America, France, Germany, and Italy, it is far and away ahead of any other naval college. The young cadet on entering at the age of sixteen ceases to be the child of his parents, and becomes the child of the Government, which feeds, clothes, and educates him free of

charge. Any one who visits Edajima will understand the success of the Japanese fleet in the present war, for the Government looks after the mental and physical education of the young officer with a maternal care.

Everything is done to bring home to him the gallant achievements of the heroes of the past. In the hall is a chart covered with the blood of one of their officers who fell in the Chino-Japanese War; on the davits is the boat in which Captain Arama escaped after sinking his vessel in the second blockading attack on Port Arthur.

The cadets at Edajima are literally made of iron; they have to be to stand the Spartan severity of their training. Jiu-jitsu is the favorite game, and for that you have to be in good condition. In the afternoon the six hundred odd cadets divided into two parties of three hundred each. One side, the defenders, gathered round a pole stuck into the ground in a dense ring. A bugle was then sounded, and the attacking party charged them at full speed, uttering a yell which when once heard could never be forgotten. We saw the quiet students of two hours before converted into a horde of yelling, fighting savages, attacking one another with a fury that threatened destruction to all. The crash was so great that the first three or four ranks of the devoted circle round the pole went down to a man, and were trampled on by those behind. In the general confusion you could see the biggest and strongest boys mounting on their comrades' shoulders and walking on the heads of the more unfortunate toward the pole. This was defended until every man was down and the bugle sounded the "cease fire." The injured covered the ground. Some were helped away by their comrades, while the more seriously hurt were attended by the surgeon. This is part of the recognized training of the naval cadet.

The Russian Prisoners at Matsuyama

June 18

We visited the Russian prisoners at Matsuyama to-day. They received us with shouts of approval, and in no way resented the intrusion of such a large



A Japanese surgeon operating on a wounded Russian prisoner in the hospital at Matsuyama

bers, and that all would be reversed when both sides met in equal numbers.

Their general appearance, however, belied their words. Compared to the sturdy, intelligent Japanese soldier, the agents whom Russia employs, on what she is pleased to call her civilizing mission, do not impress one favorably. They are small of stature, possess poor mental development, and on their faces is such a curious look of childlike awe and wonder at everything new they see that it excites the compassion of all present.

There were Poles, Jews, Cossacks, and Siberians; every now and then you saw a typical Muscovite among the non-commissioned officers, who would tower head and shoulders above his comrades, and they would obey him, even in captivity, like sheep.

We asked them if they were well treated. "Yes," was the reply, "if we could only have our ovens, and make our own black bread."

None of the common soldiers knew what they were fighting about, but all had implicit faith in the justice of their cause. The officers were fine fellows, exactly like their English or American brothers in arms.

In the hospital the wounded were being attended by numbers of white-clad, sandal-footed Japanese nurses, who hurried hither and thither among the beds, placed on the floor in Japanese fashion.

Nurses and patients were on excellent terms with one another, as is generally the case in war. The poor Russian private was really having the time of his life—good food, kind treatment, and the best possible care and attention.

Whatever may be the result of the present war, and whatever hatred it may inspire, the Russian wounded and prisoners at least will return to their country with a good word to say for the great little people of the East.



RUSSIAN PRISONERS CARRYING WOUNDED COMRADES INTO THE HOSPITAL AT MATSUYAMA

number of visitors to stare at them in their hour of misfortune. Poor fellows! Their lot is a dreary one, shut up in a country so different from their own, and they welcome any diversion which may help them pass the time.

Their surroundings have none of the atmosphere of a prison; in fact, such a thing as stone walls do not exist in Japan. To prevent their escape the Japanese rely on wood and paper, and the vigilance of their little keen-eyed, five-foot-high sentries. The Russians are quartered in temples (at last some use has been found for a temple), in an old castle, used as the hospital, and in the town hall, where the officers have apartments.

Most of the prisoners at Matsuyama were captured on the Yalu and at Kinchow; they all declared with great vehemence that on both occasions they were literally overwhelmed by vastly superior num-

A Letter to Collier's from a Russian Prisoner

In the same mail which brought these letters from Mr. Bartlett describing the prison camp at Matsuyama we received the following letter:

THE REDACTION OF COLLIER WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

June 12th, 1904, MATSUYAMA, JAPAN.

SIR—Mr. James H. Hare the correspondent of Collier Weekly during his journey at Manjouria, after the battle between Russian and Japanese armies of 1 May, near Tiurentschen, photographed us, the Russian prisoners of war, and promised me to send out this paper where are our pictures and the description of the battle near Tiurentschen.

Please, Sir, send me the paper and excuse me I disturbed you. I am with profound respect,

CAPTAIN NICOLAS RAVVA

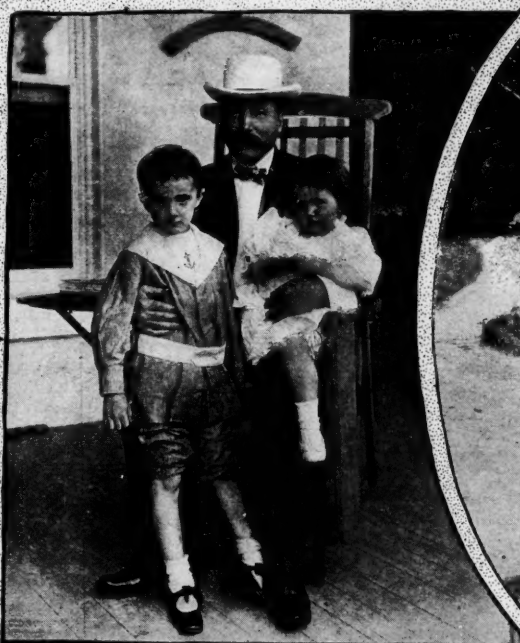
My address: Captain Nicolas Ravva, Russian prisoner of War, Matsuyama, Japan.



Listening to Reports from Private Secretary McCausland



Reading in his Favorite Chair on the Porch



FROM STEREOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

With his Grandchildren, Parker and Margaret Hall



FROM STEREOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Off for a Morning's Ride



On the Lawn Overlooking the Hudson



FROM STEREOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Judge Parker and his Daughter, Mrs. Charles Mercer Hall



FROM STEREOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Judge Parker and Mrs. Parker, their Daughter and Son-in-Law, Rev. C. M. Hall, and the Grandchildren

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE AT HOME

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR COLLIER'S AT "ROSEMOUNT," JUDGE PARKER'S RESIDENCE NEAR ESOPUS, NEW YORK



BETWEEN BATTLES

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF

Japanese soldiers, like the American and the British, take advantage of such leisure time as is afforded to them by delays in the movements of armies to indulge in athletic sports. Wrestling is the national sport of Japan. There are two kinds—the jiu-jitsu, which is a game of skill, and the ceremonial wrestling, which is a contest between heavyweights. The latter was described at some length by Richard Harding Davis in Collier's for June 4. While General

Kuroki's army was waiting at Feng-Wang-Cheng, during the war following the great army had ample opportunity to indulge in such pastimes. Each organization had a wrestling tournament between rival companies. Each organization had a struggled in many rounds, under the direction of an umpire, for in ha



LES IN MANCHURIA

WITH GENERAL KATO'S ARMY OF INVASION. PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

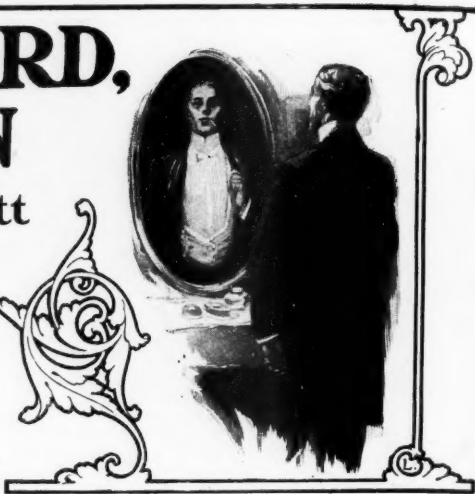
during the war following the crossing of the Yalu, the soldiers of his
such pastimes appealed to them. The chief entertainment consisted
s. Each organization had a team of heavy-weights, and these teams
of an umpire, in hand, burlesqued the ceremonious manners

of the Tokio dignitaries who preside at the big tournaments in the Japanese capital. The wrestling bouts were held
in a small arena, covered with sand and sheltered by a canopy improvised from shelter tents. As the Japanese
soldiers are in the pink of physical condition, and a number of skilled wrestlers are to be found in the various
regiments, there were many excellent and exciting athletic entertainments while the army rested at Feng-Wang-Cheng

DICK BRADFORD, GENTLEMAN

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Illustrated by
E.M. ASHE



DICK BRADFORD was a gentleman by birth, and consequently he remained a gentleman, even when in later years he was buffeted about, the victim of circumstances. Had his patrimony lasted he would undoubtedly have finished his education and might in time have become either a poet or, taking as he did a lively interest in horse-racing and prize-fighting, a clubman, so filling as useful a sphere in life as did Richard Holman Harrington, of whom he read so much in the daily papers, now in connection with the Futurity, now as principal in a bachelor dinner, and recently as owner of the automobile "White Eagle," with which he was touring Europe at a pace that killed, literally. The point was, his patrimony had not lasted, and, unfortunately, he was something of a philosopher.

"It was not my fault," he reasoned cheerfully, "that I was born the son of Story Bradford, actor and gentleman. It was not my fault that my patrimony did not last. There has been a mistake somewhere. Perhaps it will be straightened out some day if I don't meddle."

So he had waited patiently, not meddling, finding work now and then on newspapers. And he dreamed a great deal, and drank more than was good for him.

Just at present he was in a strange city at a time of year when park benches were not comfortable after sundown. The cold had a way of creeping inside one, till it made an empty stomach feel like a clammy vault, and this in turn caused gooseflesh all over the body. As far down the avenue as he could see, the brown-stone houses blinked their sleepy yellow eyes like respectable fat men after a hearty dinner. Carriages waited before several doors, the sleek coachmen sitting painfully upright with their whips resting on their right knees. If in passing beneath a tree they should be knocked back, there were springs beneath them so that they would snap into place again like toys.

Dick turned up his coat collar (not his overcoat collar—heavens, no!—he had not worn an overcoat for five years) and ransacking his pockets found a cigarette which he had carefully saved. Then he searched for a match. In his right-hand pocket he discovered half a dozen newspaper clippings—all verse, some of it his own; in his left-hand pocket he discovered a thumb-worn, paper-covered volume of Keats; in his right-hand trousers pocket he found a nickel; in his left-hand trousers pocket, nothing.

Swirling the fallen leaves before it, a vagrant breeze swept down the avenue, slapped damply at his face, burrowed beneath his collar at the throat, and hurried on to make the leaves dance some more in the dark. He shivered, coughing a little dry cough as he rose to his feet. Then he crossed to the coachman opposite.

"Will you favor me with a match?"

Starting at the gentle voice, the coachman tipped his cap, turned, and then snapped back into place.

"Gwan!" he growled.

"It is a small favor to ask, is it not?" continued Dick pleasantly; "a small favor in itself, but it would add a great deal to my personal comfort."

The coachman turned once more. Though Dick was not a large man, he was thin and wiry, and in spite of the gentleness of his voice, his eyes had a certain brilliancy—of good-humor, yes, but something also of the glitter of light on steel. The coachman tossed him a couple of matches.

"I thank you," said Dick as he picked them up from the cold sidewalk. After lighting his cigarette, he held the match in the hollow of his hands, and the heat took away some of the numbness from his finger-tips.

With hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, he strolled down the avenue, gazing hungrily at the occasional scenes of warmth and merriment to be caught through unveiled windows. He came to a house where the boardings put up for the summer were still in place. The house looked as though it had patches over its eyes. It started a train of thought.

"It is an odd circumstance," he mused, "that I should be out here houseless, and opposite me a house tenantless! It is as though a man should be dying of thirst in a laboratory with a retort of H₂ on his right and 'O' on his left. I am 'O'; yonder is H₂. If only we could unite we should both be of some use. Bah! Fate is a slovenly chemist!"

An alley ran to the rear of the house, and, led on by curiosity, he followed this. The win-

dows here were also boarded, and a low wall bounded a small yard. He vaulted this and approached the storm door on the chance of finding it open, and so securing a lodging for the night, where at least he would be shielded from the wind. He found it unlocked and stepped within.

It was dark in there and quite as cold as upon the outside.

"And nothing but a little wooden door," he mused, "separates me from a soft bed and plenty of blankets, perhaps from a bottle of wine and a fire. Nothing but a little wooden door! Is it right that this inanimate guardian should say to me, 'Stay you without, man, and shiver and cough and think hard thoughts?'"

It must have been Kismet, for it was only the matter of breaking a small pane of glass in the transom, an easy scramble, and he stood inside the very house before which, a moment gone, he had been shivering.

He removed his shoes and rested. The hallway smelled damp and musty as though it had been long closed. Just what he was going to do here he did not know. This pleased him. He often amused himself by doing things without an object; going out of his way, for instance, to cross a street unnecessarily or to climb a flight of stairs only to come down again. He had come to this city absolutely without a reason.

He listened intently, but heard no sound save his own breathing; he tried to pierce the darkness, but for all he saw, he might have been staring at a blank wall. The silence, the darkness, drove him back upon his imagination, and in the heat of its working, slowly he came to forget the circumstances which led to his presence there.

This was not a stranger's house! It was his own. He had often amused himself in his day dreams by building and furnishing his future home. He had worked out the plans down to the most minute details and had comforted himself by the belief that in reality this home existed and Fate was only making him wait a little before finally settling him therein. It had come to be very real to him.

Well, he had been a journey, and now he had returned. How musty the old house smelled!

"Odd," he muttered; "so long since I have been in the rear of this place I have almost forgotten my way about. But the kitchen should be somewhere to the right."

He lighted a match and pushed open a door facing him. It led into the kitchen, and here he found a piece of candle, which he lighted. Gaining confidence as the flickering light shivered the dark, he made his way to the front of the house.

"This is the dining-room," he said, as he came to another closed door. "It is in heavy oak and on the wall hangs the picture of a bag of duck, suspended by their necks and looking as though they had been hanged."



She looked again into his eyes

He opened the door and held the light high above his head. The room was in heavy oak, and on the wall hung the picture of a bag of duck suspended by their necks and looking as though they had been hanged.

He mounted the broad stairs leading to the second flight and stopped before a heavy oak door, iron ribbed. "This," he said, "is the study."

A bit of hot grease from the candle dropped upon his hand. He did not feel it.

"There is a fireplace at one end and a bookcase either side, so arranged that the firelight may play upon the bindings. A heavy table stands in the middle of the room, and there are soft rugs and large chairs all about and many pictures on the walls."

Taking a long breath, he pushed open the door. A heavy table stood in the middle of the room, beyond this a fireplace with a bookcase on either side. Soft rugs were under foot, and there were many large chairs and many pictures on the walls. One of these caught his eyes instantly.

"Oh, my dear Lady in Gray!" he exclaimed, "even you are here to welcome me. Dear little Lady in Gray!"

He blew her a kiss. For a second he allowed his eyes to rest upon the volumes in the case, upon those scattered about the table, and again upon the Lady in Gray.

Then he stooped and touched the candle to the wood waiting to be kindled in the grate. The flames sputtered low a second, leaped up, ate their way into the wood, and soon were crackling away as merrily as castanets in a Spanish dance. The wood gave out warm blue and yellow flames. These blue and yellow flames found their way into the damp vault, his stomach, warming it, and into his tired brain, brightening it. Picking up a cigarette from the table, he dropped into a chair waiting for him, and inhaled deep puffs of the good tobacco. He knew absolute content, and all was as it should be—all as he had known it was certain to be some day.

He smoked his cigarette until it burned his fingers. Slowly he arose, stretching his arms far out in the warmth, luxuriously, as a cat rises from before a fire. To the right he noticed another door.

"That," said Dick, "is the bedroom."

He took his bit of candle and investigated. It was the bedroom. Clothes were scattered about the floor, and on the dresser lay a razor, opened and covered with dry soap foam. It was rusted.

"Careless dog!" muttered Dick.

His face was reflected in the mirror, pale, unshaven, haggard. Glancing first toward the window to make sure it was so curtained and boarded that no light could escape, he turned the electric switch and the room flashed out of the dimness. The effect of the full light at first was to make him uneasy, but this feeling soon passed. The man in the mirror smiled.

"You seem to be a good-natured dog," said he to it. "I beg of you come out and keep me company."

He bowed low. So did his double.

"You apologize because unshaven? Bah, 'tis only your chin which is unshaven—not your heart. You are not—er—well dressed? 'Tis only your poor body, sir, which is in rags—not your soul."

Resting his chin in his hand, he studied the other face quizzically.

"I like your forehead—'tis not ill shaped. I like your eyes—they are a trifle unclear, but this night air, sir. I understand—'tis nipping cold. Your mouth. Ah, well, let us pass that by; but your nose! Ah, you have such a nose as it takes five generations of artists to breed. But what I like most about you is that indefinable something—that air—that—"

His eye fell upon the razor.

"I will show you what I mean," he continued impulsively. "I will shave you, I will groom you, I will—" he glanced around. "Yes, I will even garb you."

Laughing merrily, softly, he whitened his face with lather. The razor was dull, but in a few minutes, after much screwing of the face, the man in the mirror appeared clean-shaven and smiling. Rummaging about the drawers of the dresser, he discovered clothes. He put them on and they fitted as though they had been made for him. In half an hour the man in the mirror beamed out upon Dick in immaculate evening dress. There was not a wrinkle from the shoulders of his coat to his patent-leather shoes. He did not marvel at the miracle. It was all as it should be.

"This is what I meant, sir: that, bluntly speaking, you look to be a gentleman—that you have been jostled from your rightful sphere. It is very evident that Fate has blundered."

He returned to the snapping fire, his step springy and his shoulders held far back. The feel of silk next his body, the crispness of fresh linen, the sight of him reflected in the other mirrors, warmed like old wine. As he entered, he noticed for the first time a closed writing desk, and, approaching it, he found it unlocked. It was strewn with dainty notes, and one lay there as though it had been just written. He picked it up, and, returning to his chair, lighted a fresh cigarette and carelessly read it. It was addressed to Mr. Donald Benton, Harvard Club, San Francisco, California, and was dated two months past.

"Sorry you can not come on," it read. "I had rather counted on you to keep house for me while I was away. To add to my troubles I find I must leave to-night for New York, so all I can do is to lock the front door and jump. Spoke to Miss Warner about you, and she swore she would cure you of some of your eccentricities. You would like her, Don—a good girl that, and a little Puritan sport. S'long. If you change your mind about coming, you will find the key at 10 Soto Street. Open up and enjoy yourself. Write me care of Bond & Co., London, and the letter will find the 'White Eagle' somewhere between the North and South Poles and going like H—." R. HARRINGTON."

And this was Harrington's house! And Harrington was in Europe!

Dick leaned far back in his chair; the left hand holding the note fell to his knee and he smiled.

"Careless dog!" he muttered. "Careless dog, that Harrington!"

His eyes rested on the flames, on the row upon row of books, upon the Lady in Gray, upon a little cupboard to the right. Instinct led him to open this. Within, an old beadle of a bottle seemed just on the point of taking a troupe of dainty little glasses out for a walk.

As a moment later Dick stood critically studying the amber fluid, his friend in the mirror greeted him.

"To our very good healths," said Dick, raising his glass and bowing slightly. The gentleman in the mirror smirked his lips, proving him to be a judge of good liquor.

Again glasses were filled.

"And now," suggested Dick, "to the very good health of our friend Harrington—bottoms up!"

II

AS Mrs. Warner and Miss Warner flashed by the Harrington house next afternoon in their new automobile, the mother, who, in spite of the fact that most of her attention was occupied in keeping her seat, saw more of the passing landscape than Dorothy at the helm, noted that several windows in the house were thrown open.

"I—I thought Harrington was—not expected till—Friday," she gasped between breaths.

The machine was suddenly checked, and Mrs. Warner made a frantic clutch at her daughter's arm with one hand and at her bonnet with the other.

"Oh!" she groaned. "Oh, Dorothy, do be more careful."

The latter turned the machine around in a graceful circle and slowly retraced her course. When almost opposite the house, an ominous groan, a whiff of gasoline, a buzz of wheels gone mad, gave warning of trouble. The next second both women stood in the road staring helplessly at the burning machine.

The door opened and a man sprang down the steps.

"May I be of assistance?" he asked.

Mrs. Warner turned pale and tottered.

"Mother," whispered the daughter wildly, "mother, do be a sport!"

The mother fainted in Dick's arms. Without a moment's hesitation he picked her from the ground and bore her up the steps and into the reception-room.

"I will fetch you brandy," he panted, somewhat out of breath. He soon returned with the bottle.

Mrs. Warner revived in time to hear the clang of fire engines and lay groaning on the couch.

"It is very droll," said Dick, who had gone to the window to watch proceedings. "Three full-grown fire engines have responded to the call of the excited gentleman who pulled in the alarm, and now seem to be engaged in trying to extinguish that poor little mad kitten of an automobile. Do look, Miss Warner—I know your name, you know, because I have seen your picture and because Dicky has told me of you."

She came to his side and flashed a look first at him and then at the crowd below. At first she had been frightened, but now she made a sudden discovery; there was more comedy than tragedy in the situation.

"Why, it is droll," she exclaimed, "but John Henry—that's its name, you know—is putting up a good fight. Look at him hiss!"

"It could make a beautiful exit by exploding into nothing," he suggested. "It seems to be making so much fuss about dying."

"Wouldn't you?"

"No," he answered calmly.

She looked again into his eyes and noticed there a light almost uncanny.

"Dorothy," called the mother. Both turned.

"Shall I call a carriage for you now?" asked Dick.

"By the way, my name is—"

The girl extended her hand cordially with a smile of recognition. "Oh, is this Mr. Benton? Mother, you have heard Richard speak of him."

The mother smiled weakly.

"We are indebted to Mr. Benton. He comes as opportunely as the hero of a melodrama. But I thought—"

"I will call your carriage," said Dick.

A few moments later he stood gazing after the disappearing vehicle with the memory of a look from two gray eyes haunting him, even as the faint perfume of her hand haunted the dainty glove he had found on the floor.

"I felt a dozen poems in those eyes," he whispered awesomely. "Ah, Keats! Keats, there are a dozen there, all unwritten."

When he returned to the study it was to sit again before the fire and stare wildly into the heart of it. A hundred thoughts leaped up into his brain even as the hot flames from the wood licked the darkness of the chimney mouth.

"I didn't mean to lie to those eyes! She—she made me feel ashamed. Her hair was brown and full of curls; her forehead was white and pure and calm; her nose had all the quivering sensitiveness of a blooded mare; her mouth—ah, it was full and heart red. She made me feel ashamed!"

He went over the details several times. Suddenly he looked up at the Lady in Gray.

"Why, you are she!" he exclaimed. "You are she! But you have in your eyes only a single poem, just one little sonnet, while she—she had a volume!"

He drew himself up suddenly, closing his lips as though in pain.

"Don't be a fool, Dick Bradford. Don't be a cussed fool."

Putting on a hat, he took a cane he found below and went out into the cold. He walked until nightfall, walked on for an hour after dark, walked on until his legs ached trying to decide whether or not he should return to—the Lady in Gray. On his way back he called at 10 Soto Street.

"Secure a cook and a butler," he said to the janitor. "A cook and a butler for one week. My name is Benton."

Again in the study, he filled his glass to the brim.

"It's Fate," he said very solemnly. "It's Fate and—here's to Fate."

The next evening he donned a dress suit and called

trip when you were lost in the Rockies. Was it on that trip you had your dream?"

"It was on a hunting trip," he laughed, "and I guess I must have been lost."

"Tell me of it. I wish to hear it first hand."

She drew nearer the open fire and leaned forward expectantly. She had known him a long while, and he was different from all others.

Dick started. He had no wish to lie to her. If he had few ideals, he was all the truer to these, and one of these was the Lady in Gray, and—she was the Lady in Gray.

"I'll not tell it," he said.

"Yes, you'll tell it," she said softly, but with eyes that belied the calmness of her voice.

How natural it seemed for him to be there talking to her. There she sat before him, gentle, lithe, strong, with the deep gray in her eyes, the deep rose in her cheeks; there he sat, looking into the deep gray of her eyes, into the deep rose in her cheeks.

And God! It was all as it should be!

"It was not in the Rockies," he began in a low voice. "It doesn't much matter where it was. The road before me was a long, long road, and there was not a house—in the world. The night was as a beautiful woman without a soul. The sky above was a frozen purple pansy leaf; the stars above shot polished steel bolts, silently; the moon above was round and chaste and barren. Below lay the long road, and it led nowhere."

"What brought you to this place?" she asked in a whisper.

"I was hunting—hunting for the Lady in Gray," he answered. Then he tried to laugh and couldn't, and so continued seriously: "I had hunted long for her, but this night I felt that my quest was nearly at an end. I

struggled on and on and on. I met no friend, I saw no light, yet I struggled on and on. After an eon or two, the moon and the stars, in pity, became warmer, but the road no shorter. It ran to the end of the earth. So I laid me down to rest a moment, then the Lady in Gray came to me and wrapped me about and sang to me."

His voice had died to a whisper.

"Oh!" she said.

Both sat immovable, silent; both felt themselves under a wonderful spell, so that when at last their eyes met, the blood surged madly about their hearts.

"But she came," she whispered as a rose whispers to the west wind.

"And she went!" he cried hoarsely. Then he found his feet.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night," she answered,

"Lady in Gray!"

"Oh!—oh, good-night," she pleaded.

Out into the cold he hurried blindly. The stars above shot steel darts silently. He was colder than ever before he had been in his life—colder and hungrier. The walk barked crisply beneath his footsteps.

When he reached the study, the fire was burning brightly, but there seemed to be no heat in the flames. The picture above the grate smiled cruelly at him so that he climbed a chair and turned it about. He seized the old beadle of a bottle and swallowed a full glass of the burning liquid. Then another. Then another.

The only effect of this was to cause the fire to recede into the distance. He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "Of course she went," he groaned fiercely. "I say, of course she went. God!"

When he lifted his head, he saw in the doorway a man of about his own size, with face bronzed as though by long travel. Behind him peered the frightened butler. The stranger smiled.

"I did not expect a guest," he said.

The voice roused Dick, as the voice of park policemen had often aroused him from similar dreams. He looked about him in a daze as though he had been roughly shaken. He stared at the fire, at the bookcase, at the soft rugs, at his patent-leather shoes, and then into the face of Richard Harrington. He found himself. The old smile returned to his face. Had he looked into the mirror he would have started at his ghastliness.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," said Harrington.

"You needn't keep your hand in your overcoat pocket, you know," said Dick.

Harrington stood immovable a second and then impulsively loosened his hold upon his revolver and threw off his coat.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said he. "Who the devil are you anyway?"

"I? I am no one—absolutely no one," he answered.

"You are Richard Holman Harrington."

"Just so."

Harrington crossed to the other side of the fireplace, and, leaning against the mantel, lighted a cigarette.

"Well, I don't suppose your name makes much difference. The police will probably ferret that out."

"The police?"

"You know them?"

"Funny," laughed Dick wildly. "I had forgotten all about them." He swept back the hair from his forehead.

"Ah, hum," he sighed, "I am tired. Better call 'em."

"You are a most amazingly impudent thief. You are a thief, I suppose?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Do you know what night this is?" asked Dick.



"You needn't keep your hand in your overcoat pocket"

at the Warner house. The mother had not recovered from her fright, and so Dorothy received him alone.

"The horses dragged it off," said he, "as they do dead bulls after the bullfights in Spain. Only it looked more like a little drowned kitten."

"Dick said you had traveled much in Spain."

"I have lived the greater part of my life in Spain," he answered deliberately.

Somehow the gray eyes made him serious and he disliked being serious. There was a note of pathos in his voice which she could not understand. He reminded her very much of a dream man of hers—a dream man who had defeated Harrington, unknown to him, in the fight for her heart.

"Yes," he ran on in an attempt at lightheartedness. "I have lived in Spain, but only a little while ago did I find my castle."

"I didn't suppose any one ever found his castle—that the fun came in the hunt for it, like for things in the puzzle pictures."

"Not when you get starved in the hunting—and cold."

Studying his face, she saw lines which hinted of many things lived, of dreams dreamed, and found a new fascination in trying to decipher them because—it was a wild, half-formed thought—because they seemed in some way to fit into many of her own dreams. Her preconceived notion of Benton and his life as outlined by Harrington gave place without apparent inconsistency to the personality of the man now before her.

Dick, for his part, found with some concern that he was taking himself seriously.

So he tried to laugh.

"Perhaps you are right, even with the hunger and cold. Hunger? It is good for one. It has made poets of men. Cold? It quickens the imagination, and if only you get cold enough you have most beautiful dreams—dreams of gentle women wrapping you about in soft cloudy blankets. Ever been cold that way?"

"No," she shivered. "Dick told me once of a hunting



THE VOICE OF ENGLAND

As the spokesman of the British Empire addressing the other nations of the world, as the inner voice of the English nation speaking to the mind and heart and conscience of the English people, Rudyard Kipling has come to take a place as unofficial laureate. From the time that Great Britain began to "pay the price that staggered humanity" in her war with the Boers, the silent thought of the Empire has found its voice in the words of Kipling. "The Recessional," "The Absent-Minded Beggar," "The Settler," and his other poems of political importance have each carried a message or a warning to imperial England. It is a long time since Mr. Kipling has spoken, and his new poem, "Things and the

Man," will be read with especial interest at this time, when Mr. Chamberlain's crusade for an imperial federation through a protective tariff has caused a political upheaval throughout England, while the war in the East and such peace-straining events as the sinking of the British ship "Knight Commander" by the Russians menace England's serenity abroad. COLLIER'S has made special arrangements with Mr. Kipling by which his political poems are cabled to this country for publication in COLLIER'S simultaneously with their publication in England in the "London Times." COLLIER'S is the only publication in America which has the right to reproduce Mr. Kipling's new political poems in their entirety.

THINGS AND THE MAN

By RUDYARD KIPLING

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more."—GENESIS XXXVII. 5

OH, ye who hold the written clew
To all save all unwritten things,
And half a league behind pursue
The accomplished fact with flouts and flings,
Look, to your knee your baby brings
The oldest tale since earth began,
The answer to your worryings—
Once on a time there was a man.

He single-handed met and threw
Magicians, armies, ogres, kings;
He, lonely mid his doubting crew,
In all the loneliness of wings;
He fed the flame, he filled the springs,
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning teeth of things.
Once on a time there was a man.

The peace of shocked foundations flew
Before his ribald questionings,
He broke the oracles in two
And bared the paltry wires and strings;
He headed desert wanderings;
He led his soul, his cause, his clan,
A little from the ruck of things.
Once on a time there was a man.

Thrones, powers, dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings;
The meek historian deems them true,
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings,
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban,
Things never yet created things.
Once on a time there was a man.

A bolt is fallen from the blue,
A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew
Of vast and forborne harvestings;
And unto him an empire clings
That grips the purpose of his plan.
My lords, what think ye of these things?
Once in our time is there a man?



By Cable to Collier's Weekly

Copyright 1904 in the United States by Rudyard Kipling



"This is St. Agnes Eve. 'Ah bitter chill it was; the owl for all his feathers was a-cold.' Bah!" he shivered. Then he laughed.

Harrington was becoming interested. There was something about this fellow that conjured up a nightmare he had, the day copper slumped.

"Who are you?" he repeated.

"Who am I?" Dick hesitated. Then a happy thought came to him. "I will tell you who I was, if you will permit me to step into the next room. No," he added, as Harrington glanced about suspiciously, "I can not escape, and I am unarmed. On my word."

When he came out, he was dressed in his old rags. How tattered he felt! He looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"You wouldn't believe me?" Again he laughed. "Well, I don't know as ever I shall believe myself,

after to-night. But here I am and my name is—I fear I shall lie about it."

"Don't bother," said Harrington. He studied him keenly: "I'll be hanged if you are not something of a sport," he muttered. Then aloud: "How much have you stolen?"

It was asked with a careless wave of the cigarette about the room.

Dick flushed: "Stolen? Stolen?" he queried. And then, "Why, I don't steal! There are a few bills at the grocer's, that is all. Kate gave me the rest. You will miss nothing."

He straightened up.

"But I am not pleading," he smiled, and his smile was not for the man facing him. "Pardon me, won't you call the police? I am tired."

"So am I. Get out!"

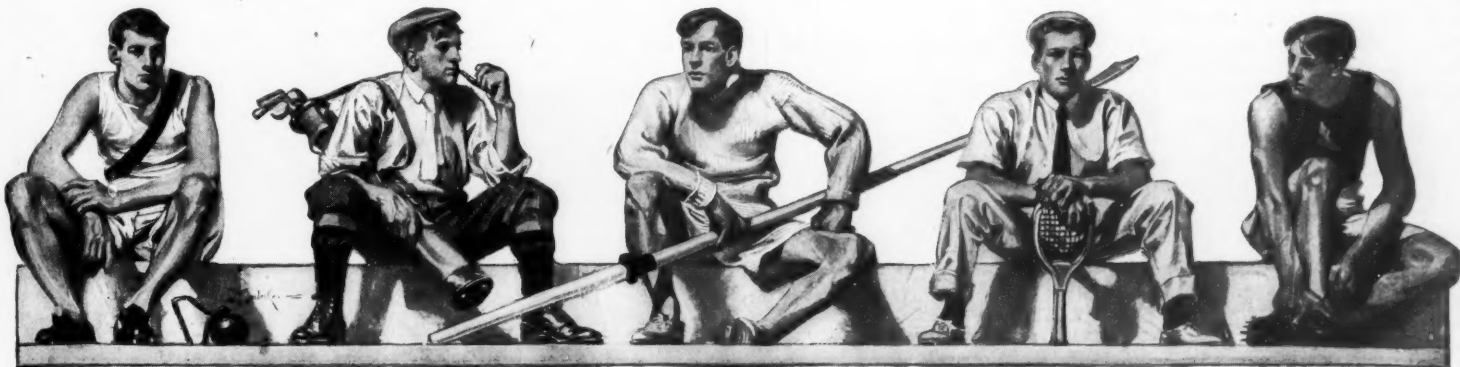
Dick was nonplussed for a moment. He started forward as though to shake hands. But Harrington's eyes were cold. So he checked himself and only waved his limp, slouch hat toward him: "Good-night," he said, "I thank you."

Then he went out into the cold. His stumbling steps took him to the house of the Lady in Gray. The cold made him cough. A moment he stood before the house, hat in hand, and gazed up at the dead windows.

"Good-night, dear Lady in Gray," he whispered, "good-night, but I shall not say good-by. For the cold, you know, the cold comes, and one has most beautiful dreams and then—"

The stars shot polished steel darts silently. He looked up at the moon, cold and chaste and barren.

Then he blew a kiss to the Lady in Gray and strode off down the long white road which led nowhere.



OUT-OF-DOORS

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, OUTDOOR LIFE—THAT IS, SPORT IN THE BROADER AND MORE GENERAL SENSE—WILL BE DISCUSSED AT FREQUENT INTERVALS DURING THE PRESENT SUMMER AND AUTUMN

MISS MAY SUTTON of Pasadena, California, has returned to the West. Her visit to the neighborhoods of New York and Philadelphia was short, but it was sufficient for her to win the women's tennis championship of America and to defeat, with almost ridiculous ease, every one who had the temerity to meet her. Miss Sutton's triumph was a striking proof of the bigness of our country. She had been Pacific Coast champion for four years, and the handicappers of California tournaments had long been bothered with the difficulty of so arranging the handicaps of Miss Sutton's opponents that, as they drolly expressed it, "she would have a chance to lose." In these four years she had lost but one set in match play, and yet there were probably not half a dozen first-class Eastern tennis players who had any idea of what they were to meet when they met Miss Sutton.

The Pacific Coast champion entered her first tournament at the open meeting for the women's championship of America at Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia. There Miss Sutton defeated all opponents without the loss of a set. She won from Miss E. Howell of Philadelphia, 6-2, 6-1; from Miss Coffin of Staten Island, 6-1, 6-0; from Miss Homans of New York, 6-1, 6-1, and from the champion, Miss Bessie Moore, 6-1, 6-2. At the Middle States Tournament at Mountain Station, New Jersey, in the week following, Miss Sutton again won with amusing ease, not losing a set. She defeated in turn Miss Swift, 6-0, 6-0; Miss Jewett, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Homans, 6-0, 6-0, and Miss Carrie B. Neely, the title holder, 6-1, 6-1. Later, on the Kings County courts, Miss Sutton won easy victories over Miss Carrie B. Neely, Miss Anna M. Risch (the New York Tennis



LOUIS F. SCHOLES

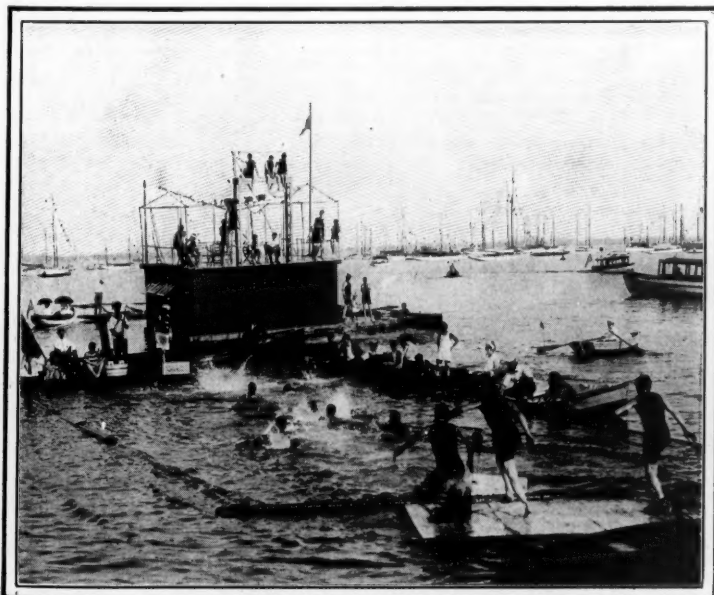
The Canadian who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley

Club champion), and the ex-champion, Miss Moore. Against these players Miss Sutton lost only three games in all, defeating Miss Moore without the loss of a game. This remarkable young woman is only seventeen years old. She is of average height, and is almost as

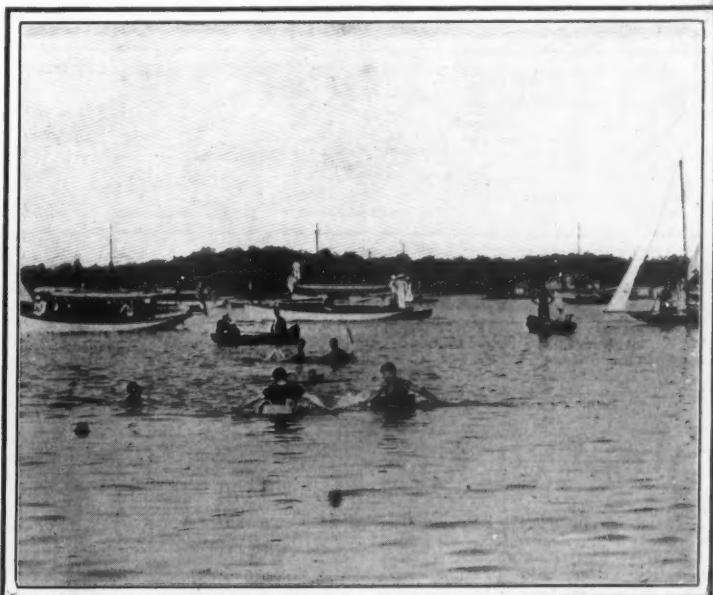
solidly built as a man. She plays confidently and smilingly, and with the greatest good-humor. She comes of a tennis-playing family. There are four older sisters, and they all play tennis and play it very well. It was one of these sisters, Miss Violet Sutton, who won the Southern California championship in 1899, and it is one or the other of her older sisters whom the present champion has generally met in the finals of her contests in the West. Having mastered the technique of the game to the extent she has, Miss Sutton is now fairly free to devote herself to the "science" of it—a point which is not reached until matters of stroking and of merely placing the ball in a certain spot in a certain way have become almost mechanical and intuitive. Miss Sutton is still so young that her game ought not yet to have reached its limit, and there is every reason to expect that in another year or two the present champion will try her fortunes abroad.

CANADIAN WINS THE DIAMOND SCULLS

LEANDER was faithful again this year to the traditions of Henley week, and in the final heat for the Grand Challenge Cup the Leander crew beat the New College Oxford crew by one length in 7 minutes and 20 seconds. The Winnipeg crew, the only eight to compete at Henley this year from this side of the water, was entered in the race for the Stewards' Challenge Cup. Winnipeg drew a bye and did not compete until the finals on the third day of the regatta, when the Canadians were beaten by the third Trinity (Cambridge) crew in the good time of 7 minutes and 30 seconds. The winning of the Diamond Sculls by L. F. Scholes



A GAME OF WATER POLO



FINISH OF A TUB RACE

WATER SPORTS AT THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB

During the recent race week at Larchmont, N. Y., six regattas were sailed, in which there were races for eighty-five classes with 263 starters. While the big sixty-footers, the raceabouts, and smaller craft were racing out in the Sound, the younger generation diverted themselves with water polo and tub races in the quiet waters of Larchmont Harbor



An 8½ horse-power Cadillac motor, when tested after nine months of continuous service, developed 10¼ horse-power. Does that kind of broken promise interest you?

It isn't always possible to be exactly truthful, but there is a right way to err. You'll find some remarkable statements in the Cadillac literature, but if there's anything that isn't so, the difference is in your favor. We'll send you booklet L if you'll ask for it, and tell you where the nearest agency is. A ride in the Cadillac will be the more a revelation if you're familiar with other cars. Cadillacs are \$750 to \$900.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

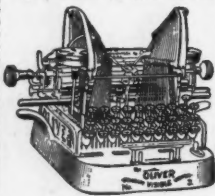
We Want Agents for the OLIVER Typewriter

—the standard visible writer—

in cities and towns where we are not at present represented. An agency for this progressive and up-to-date typewriter carries with it a dignified and profitable position for high class men. We aid our agents to achieve success and extend their field as their development warrants. We seek to make it worth while for good men to remain with us permanently.

Previous experience neither essential nor objectionable. The Oliver agency can be carried on in connection with other business in some localities.

If you are the kind of man we are seeking, we will enter into details by correspondence on receipt of your inquiry.

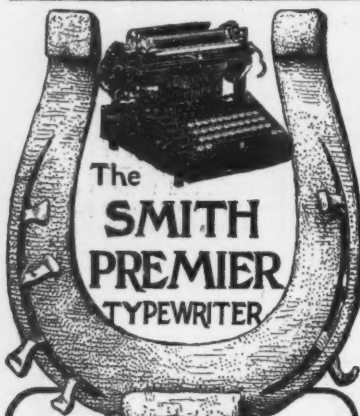


The Oliver Typewriter Co.
149 Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Foreign Office:
75 Queen Victoria St.
London, England.

WHERE TO STOP AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

An ideal World's Fair stopping place—AMERICAN HOTEL, St. Louis. Practically fire-proof. Five hundred light, airy rooms. Situated immediately adjoining Main Entrance, two minutes' walk to the very heart of World's Fair Grounds, saving you much of the fatigue of sight-seeing. Clean, comfortable, convenient; everything new and first-class. European Plan, one dollar up; American Plan, two dollars up. SOUVENIR Map of World's Fair Grounds FREE. Address American Hotel Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.



BRINGS GOOD FORTUNE TO ITS USERS
HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
EXHIBIT AT WORLDS FAIR, ST. LOUIS,
SEC. 23. PALACE LIBERAL ARTS.

KILFYRE

**THE DRY CHEMICAL
Fire
Extinguisher**

Monarch Fire Appliance Co. of N. Y. Proprietors.
Always Ready. Acts Like Magic.
Spend a Few Dollars and Save Thousands.
General Sales Agents:
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
HARTFORD, CONN. CHICAGO, ILL.
New York, 12 Warren St. Philadelphia, Pa. 909 Arch St.
Boston, 221 Columbus Ave. Providence, R. I. 15 Snow St.
Washington, D. C. 219 14th St. N. W.
San Francisco, Cal. 461 Mission St.
Sent anywhere on receipt of three dollars.

STOREFRONTS.

All kinds and sizes of Store Fronts. We furnish all material—Iron, Steel, Wood, Glass, Galv. Iron, etc. If you intend to build, write us. We furnish Blue Print plans, free. Lowest Prices. All the style of finest City Fronts at small cost. Write for Catalogue.

Southern Foundry Co., Owensboro, Kentucky
Mfrs. of all kinds of Iron Work for Buildings.



PABST EXTRACT WAS THE ORIGINAL MALT TONIC

The original is always the best—for no man would imitate an inferior article—and no man wants the imitation when he can get the original, even though it is offered at a lower price—a price that stamps its marked inferiority.



The "BEST" Tonic, is the concentrated strength and life of the barley-grain, a food that has no equal in all the world for nutritive and restorative powers. With the extract of malt, is blended the juice of the hop-blossom, the mildest, gentlest and most soothing of Nature's sedatives. It feeds and calms the starved and fretted nerves by bringing natural restful sleep. It builds up the worn-out body and revivifies the wearied brain. At all druggists. Write for Booklet. Pabst Extract Dept., Milwaukee

PENDLETON INDIAN ROBES

\$4 to \$15 Express Prepaid

Made of the finest Eastern Oregon Wool, in absolutely fast colors, in the latest, most attractive Indian patterns, these popular robes have become a necessity in the well-ordered home. The color combinations and designs are thoroughly Indian and are furnished up by the tribes themselves. The Indian is the best judge of a blanket, always buys the best. That is why we ship thousands to the Reservations every year. They are used in homes everywhere for slumber robes, veranda wraps, couch covers, trunk and box throws. Their bright, striking colors will be a welcome addition to cozy corner, "den" and college room, while their satisfying warmth is a boon to the invalid, the convalescent, the traveler, the camper.

Send for FREE catalogue "C," with illustrations of the various patterns and the robes in actual use. Robes returnable if not perfectly satisfactory. PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Pendleton, Oregon. Dealers, write us for discounts.



in the record-breaking time of 8 minutes and 23 seconds was quite honor enough, however, for Canada. This time is six seconds faster than the previous record, held by B. M. Howell of Albany, who, while a student at Cambridge in 1898, won the Diamond Sculls in the then record time of 8 minutes 29 seconds. Scholes's first race was with A. A. Stuart of the Kingston Rowing Club. He won easily by five lengths in 9 minutes and 1 second. He won his second heat, with F. K. Wells of the Bedford Rowing Club, by four lengths, in 9 minutes and 32 seconds. On the third day the young Canadian met F. S. Kelly of Oxford and Australia in the semi-finals, and beat him by four lengths in 9 minutes and 11 seconds. Kelly was the winner of the Diamond Sculls last year and in 1902, and is generally believed to be the best sculler in England. Kelly led for a mile, but Scholes in a plucky spurt wore his opponent down, and just opposite the grandstand the former champion had to stop exhausted. Both men were badly used up, and Kelly was unable to row his shell away. In the final heat the



Miss May Sutton
Champion Woman Tennis Player of America

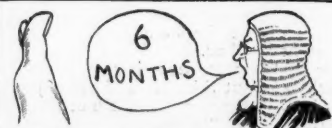
Canadian met A. H. Clouth of the London Rowing Club. At the start he got away first, led all the way in spite of Clouth's plucky challenges, and won by a length and a quarter. The Henley course measures 1 mile and 550 yards.

Scholes is the third oarsman from this side of the water to win this coveted trophy. E. H. Ten Eyck was the winner in 1897, and B. M. Howell won in 1898 and 1899. Scholes is the eldest son of John Scholes of Toronto, who was in his day a clever oarsman, and who was also an amateur boxer of considerable ability. Young Scholes followed in his father's footsteps, and after becoming a proficient boxer he went in for rowing. In 1902 he won the amateur sculling championship of Canada and entered for Henley. On his way abroad he appeared in the Memorial Day Regatta of the Harlem Regatta Association and defeated Titus. At Henley, Titus, to the surprise of every one, defeated Scholes, but was himself afterward beaten by sixteen lengths by Kelly.

AMERICA WINS INTERNATIONAL MEET

The victory of the Harvard-Yale track team over Oxford and Cambridge, at the Queen's Club grounds in London, on July 23, will be described in an early issue by Ralph D. Paine, who represented COLLIERS on that occasion. The international meet was in every way a success. The day and track were perfect, a large and brilliant audience witnessed the contests, and the American athletes did better than their best. They won all the field events. Dives of Harvard won the quarter-mile, and Schick of Harvard, although very much out of sorts, because of the change in climate, won the hundred in the brilliant time of 9.4-5 seconds. The long runs were all won, as usual, by the Englishmen. It was the first time in the history of international track athletics that the visiting team won. A summary of the games follows:

One hundred yard dash—W. A. Schick, Jr., of Harvard won by one yard and a half; R. W. Barclay of Cambridge was second: Time, 9.4-5 seconds. Mile run—H. W. Gregson of Cambridge won; C. C. Henderson-Hamilton of Oxford was second, and A. R. Welsh of Cambridge was third: Time, 4 minutes 21.1-5 seconds. Gregson was never pressed, and won by thirty yards from Henderson-Hamilton, who was forty yards ahead of Welsh. Neither of the Yale men was within striking distance. High jump—G. F. Viator of Yale won, with a jump of 6 feet 1-8 inches; E. A. Leader and C. S. Dooley, both of Cambridge, were tied at 5 feet 10 inches. Half-mile run—H. E. Holding of Oxford won; L. Cornwallis of Oxford was second, and H. B. Young of Harvard was third: Time, 1:56 1-5. Quarter-mile run—F. J. Dives of Harvard won; R. W. Barclay of Cambridge was second, and C. B. Long of Yale was third: Time, 49.4-5 seconds. Dives won this race brilliantly by forcing himself to the front from third place in the last few yards. There were but two feet between Long and Barclay at the finish. Throwing the hammer—Won by T. J. Shevlin of Yale with a throw of 152 feet 8 inches; E.



We sentence the toe to six months' imprisonment when you buy Holeproof Socks.

READ OUR GUARANTEE. A guarantee ticket with each pair says: "Should these stockings need darning, we agree to replace them by new ones if you return this ticket with the worn pair within six months from the date of sale to you."

No holes—6 mo. This is no experiment or catch. Holeproof Socks have extraordinary wearing qualities. We adopt this method to prove it. We have sold Holeproof Socks under this guarantee for six years. We carry out our agreement to the letter. Order today and go six months without darning.

No holes—6 mo. Holeproof Socks are made in the following fast colors—Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black legs with White feet. Sizes 9 to 12.

No holes—6 mo. Holeproof Socks are made in two grades, (1) Merino (medium or heavy). Sold only in lots of 4 pairs for \$2.00. A six months guarantee ticket with each pair. (2) Cotton. Sold only in lots of six pairs for \$1.50. A six months guarantee ticket with each pair. We pay shipping charges.

No holes—6 mo. An interesting booklet, "Holeproof Socks sent free on request."

Holeproof Sox

(TRADE MARK)

Address Dept. B, HOLEPROOF Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Bonds 5½% Bonds

Free—
This
illus-
trated
Book
on
Mis-
souri
Investments



I bought \$42,000 Bonds of a South East

Missouri County

issued for drainage purposes to rich lands otherwise too flat for cultivation—needing no levee protection, not adjacent to large streams.

I have Unsold \$20,000

I offer you any part or all of these

County Bonds

Denominations \$500—long time—netting 5½%. Issued in 1902—interest has been paid promptly and County Treasurer holds funds sufficient to discharge 1905 interest and taxes of 1904 not yet due.

Opinion of validity attested by Wood and Oakley, prominent Chicago counsel.

These bonds carry with them the faith and credit of the County and a first and paramount lien upon valuable agricultural lands worth eight times the indebtedness.

Ask for circular 39—gives full information, the result of two weeks personal inspection of District.

My farm mortgage department has placed over three million dollars of clients' funds with perfect results.

Ask for my handsomely illustrated Brochure.

Testimonials from government officials, Bankers, Lawyers, Merchants and small investors.

Orders solicited of \$500 and upward. No losses ever sustained. Established 1899.

Write today—before you forget. Do it now.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON, Bond and Mortgage House

11 Wardell Building
St. Louis, Missouri

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways and twenty other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount.

Uprights as low as \$100. Also beautiful New Uprights at \$125, \$135, \$150, \$175, \$200, \$250, \$300, \$400, \$500, \$600, \$700, \$800, \$900, \$1000.

Monthly payments accepted. Freight rates are low. Write for list and particulars. You make a great saving. Pianos bear our guarantee. Illustrated Piano Book Free.

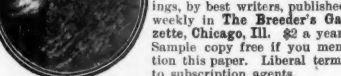
LYON & HEALY

67 ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music.

Farm Live Stock

Its care and management. Pictures of all the breeds. Reports of fairs, horse shows and meetings, by best writers, published weekly in The Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, Ill. \$2 a year. Sample copy free if you mention this paper. Liberal terms to subscription agents.



The Apple

For Gas Engines, Launches, Automobiles, Etc. No more belt, battery and commutator troubles. Dirt and water proof. Easily attached, increases power and speed. Send for full particulars on our ignition apparatus.

The Dayton Electrical Manf'g Co.

121 REIBOLD BLDG. DAYTON, OHIO.

SPARKER

Corns You've been cutting them for years and never got blood-poisoning, but you may cut them once too often. Besides cutting only gives temporary relief. Get the quick, safe and permanent cure—A-CORN SALVE. 15c. at your druggist's or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

GINSENG \$25,000 made from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet A-S telling all about it. McDowell Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo.

Illustrating and cartooning taught by mail; illustrations sold and syndicated on commission. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating," tells how. The National Press Ass'n, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis.

THE NEW LOG CABIN SYRUP



The Dainty Sweet To Make You Eat

AN original syrup with the maple flavor and the maple color. It is an absolutely pure cane-sugar syrup for the table. Especially adapted for making candies. Sold in Log Cabin cans in pint, quart, half gallon and gallon sizes.

If your dealer does not handle

Towle's Log Cabin Penoche Syrup
Towle's Log Cabin Camp Syrup, or
Towle's Log Cabin Maple Syrup

send us his name and 10c, and we will mail you a beautiful Log Cabin Souvenir Spoon.

Our booklet, "Penoche Secrets," tells all about candy making and other things you'll want to know. Free for your name on a postal.

TOWLE MAPLE SYRUP COMPANY,
St. Paul, Minn.



In other investments

you part with principal to get interest. In this you pay interest and get principal just when needed—at the time you have named, or—earlier, if fate decrees. The best form to be had from

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

Stereopticons You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital.

We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The Field is large comprising the regular theaters and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free. **CHICAGO PROJECTING CO.,** 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 156, CHICAGO, ILL.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

SELLING

The Stillwell Incandescent Gas Burner
Most perfect artificial light for stores, offices, homes, hotels, churches and every place where a powerful, brilliant, white and economical light is required. Every burner sold sells many more. We want an active man in every gas town. It's a bonanza. Write to-day.

THE STILLWELL LIGHT CO., Inc.
323-325 S. Lawrence Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Never Cut a Corn

It is dangerous. Our plasters give safe, instant and sure relief. Enough to cure, mailed direct for twenty-five cents. Not sold by dealers.

SIMPLEX CORN CURE
1056 Walnut St. Philadelphia

TELEGRAPHY

Taught quickly. Can't fill demand for operators. Established 1874; endorsed by officials Western Union Telegraph Co. Total cost: Tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6 mos. course, \$87. This can be reduced. Catalog free. **DODGE'S INSTITUTE** - VALPARAISO, IND.

STARK FRUIT BOOK

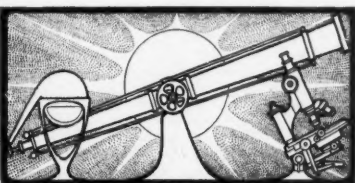
shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

T. Glass of Yale second, 132 feet 3 1-2 inches; M. Spicer of Cambridge third, 111 feet 7 inches; Tomlinson of Oxford fourth, 104 feet 7 1-2 inches. High hurdles—Won by E. J. Clapp of Yale; Bird of Harvard was second; F. H. Teall, Cambridge, third; Time, 15 4-5 seconds. Broad jump—Won by L. P. Sheffield of Yale with 21 feet 10 3-4 inches; D. M. Ayres of Harvard second, with 21 feet 9 1-4 inches; G. L. B. Smith of Oxford third, with 21 feet 6 1-2 inches. Two-mile run—Won by M. H. Goodly of Oxford; A. R. Churchill of Cambridge second; W. A. Colwell of Harvard third; Time, 9 minutes 50 seconds. Goodly won by eighty yards.

AMERICAN CRICKETERS ABROAD

THE Haverford Cricket Team, whose successful English tour was described in a recent issue of COLLIERS, continues its good work. On July 14 Haverford defeated Harrow by ten runs and three wickets. The schoolboys batting first obtained 189 and Haverford followed with 199 for seven wickets. The wicket at Harrow was well-nigh perfect, but the superior bowling on both sides made run-getting difficult. Haverford met the Eton eleven on July 16. The match was close and exciting, but the Americans lost by thirteen runs. Three days later Haverford played the fifth draw match, this time with Hailebury at Hertford. Captain Morris lost the toss, and Hailebury, by clever and consistent batting, brought the score up to 336, when Haverford started in to bat. There were but two hours left to play, and the best that the Americans could hope for was a draw. Haverford secured 193 runs for four wickets when stumps were drawn.

Cricket has always found its most ardent American enthusiasts in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. Before going abroad the Haverford team won easily from the teams of Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, where the game is still played in rather a dilettante way. The excellence of Haverford cricket is due partly to the fact that the college is situated in a neighborhood where there is a real interest in the old English game, and very much to the active work of Mr. Henry Cope of Haverford, '69, who is managing this year's trip, and who might well be called the father of American college cricket. The following men are playing on the Haverford team: C. C. Morris, '04, captain; H. H. Morris, '04; Lowry, '04; Godley, '07; Priestman, '05; Pearson, '05; Pleasants, '06; Pierce, '05; Hopkins, '05; Bonbright, '04; Doughten, '06, and Lowry (A. T.), '05.



THE RETURN OF AN OLD CELESTIAL FRIEND

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE sky has its revenants if the earth has not. They are no figments of the imagination and no spiritual essences, but as real as the rocks, though incomparably less dense. Yet there is something eerie about them too. They often look very much as ghosts are said to look by those who think they have seen them. Their behavior is still more ghost-like than their looks, for they seem to defy some of the inexorable laws to which we mortals, and the things we familiarly deal with, are helplessly subjected.

The most famous and in some respects the most mysterious of these strange wanderers of the night is about to visit our skies again under uncommonly favorable conditions, and astronomers all over the world are on the *qui vive*, each eager to be the first to catch sight of the bit of mist among the stars which will herald the return of Encke's comet.

Great telescopes may pick it up as early as August, and it can hardly remain undetected in September. At the beginning of October it will be not far in a southerly direction from the bright star Beta in Andromeda. It will continue to approach the earth, moving westwardly through the sky, until the latter half of November, when it will be as near to us as it can get—about 35,000,000 miles away—the distance of Mars when he is nearest to our planet. After that it will recede from the earth, but will still draw closer to the sun, attaining its greatest brilliancy early in December, when near the fine sparkling star Altair, which gleams on an island in the Milky Way.

Not a Showy Comet

But let no one be disappointed. It is not the most showy things that are always, or often, the most important. Encke's comet has never made much of a display. As far as its tail is concerned it may be called a failure. It is no peacock of the sky, like the great comet of 1882, or the still greater one of 1858.

No comet that frequently visits the sun retains a conspicuous tail. That fact is one of the most significant things known about comets. The strangers which mankind has never before beheld blaze across the heavens like magnificent skyrockets. Their trains are amazing and terrifying—hundreds of millions of miles in length sometimes. But the comets that get caught, so to speak, and have their orbits changed into ellipses of relatively small eccentricity, so that they are compelled to swing through perihelion every few years, lose their spectacular appendages, with-

Rambler

TOURING CARS

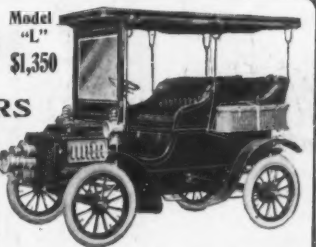
Endurance and Power

are the keynotes to Rambler superiority. The Rambler won the celebrated Endurance Test in 1903. It won the Minneapolis Annual Hill Climbing Contest for the second time, on June 11th—2,680 ft., 10% grade in 1m. 7 3-5s.

Model "L," here illustrated, has 16 actual horse power—84 in. wheel base—30 in. tires. Sold complete with canopy top, beveled plate glass swinging front, four lamps and tube horn, \$1,350.

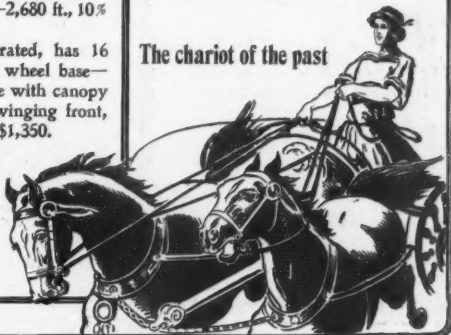
Write for Rambler Catalogue; it explains why the Rambler is superior, and gives the positive proof of its undeniable excellence.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.
Chicago Branch, 304 Wabash Av.
Boston Branch, 145 Columbus Av.



The car of the present

The chariot of the past



AUTOLYTE GAS LAMPS

The only American lamps that give perfect satisfaction. They look right, burn right and light right.

THE BEST Automobile Lamps

Prices \$7.50 to \$40

Automobile makers and dealers everywhere catalogue and recommend these lamps. Ask your dealer to show you the Autolyte Lamps and Generators, or write to us for booklet of lamps, horns and launch whistles.

A. H. FUNKE, 80 Chambers Street, New York



Take no chances with your face. Always demand Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.



THE MAN WHO KNOWS

goes after deer and all big game with a Marlin. He backs his own skill with Marlin accuracy.

Marlin Repeaters have original features shown by no other make. They shoot truer, stand harder service and are absolutely dependable. The Model 1893 Marlin has "Special Smokeless Steel" Barrels using powerful smokeless loads. The .32-40 and .38-55 sizes are also made with the highest grade of soft steel barrels for black powder. The .30-30, .32-40 and .38-55 repeaters are the guns for deer and similar game.

The Men Who Know have told a lot of good Marlin stories in our Experience Book—Free—with our catalogue (our best so far) for 3 stamps postage.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
17 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

HARK!

Can You Hear?

If you suffer from deafness, "THE WAY" EAR DRUMS will make you hear. Invaluable, comfortable and absolutely harmless. Stop all head noises.

This signed statement is from a son of Dr. A. B. Leonard, Cor. Sec'y M. E. Missionary Society.

"The Way" Ear Drums have restored my hearing. I can hear the drums being destroyed by measles in babyhood and later aggravated by catarrh.

A. O. LEONARD, 450 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich. Mr. Leonard will answer any letter accompanied by stamp.

Write to-day for free booklet and full information.

WAY EAR DRUM CO., 14 1/2 High St., West, Detroit, Mich.

THE WORLD'S HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES

If It's Electric We Have It. We Under Sell All.



\$3 Electric Hand Lantern

Fan Motor with Battery - \$8.00
Battery Table Lamp - 2.00
Battery Hanging Lamp - 16.00
Telephone, complete, 2.50, 3.95
Electric Door Bells - 1.00
Electric Carriage Lamps - 5.00
Hyle Turn-down Lamps - .50
\$12.00 Bell with Suspensory 2.50
Telegraph Outlets - 2.25
Battery Motors - 1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights - 3.50
Electric Railway - 3.25
Pocket Flash Lights - 1.25
Reckite Lights - 1.00

Send for free book. Agents wanted.

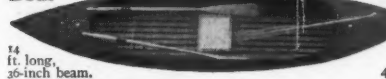
OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

A Sportman's MULLINS "Get There" Steel Duck Boat

Price \$20—Crated on cars Salem

Endorsed by Thousands of Sportmen. Air Chamber each end. Always ready. Very light draught. Great carrying capacity. No repairs. Catalog free. Write for it.

W. H. MULLINS
407 Depot Street - Salem, Ohio



Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR
You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. **C. W. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.**

\$3 a Day.

Send us your address and we will show you how to earn \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee that you can earn \$3 for every day's work. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1196, Detroit, Mich.**



MOTOR
THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MOTORING

THE FAD OF THE DAY

is to recognize the various makes of motor-cars,—to say, "Here comes a Matheson; there goes a Mors, etc. In the August issue of MOTOR there is

A Great Prize Offer

open to everyone. Half-tone pictures of the leading makes of automobiles are printed, *without names*, and the interesting problem is to

NAME THE CARS CORRECTLY

The novice has the same chance as the expert. The same issue of MOTOR contains, *with names*, pictures of all the cars—thus making the solution simple to the careful observer. A valuable prize will be given for every correct solution.

MOTOR—at all news-stands, or direct from the publishers—**25 CENTS**

MOTOR is the National Magazine of Motoring—a monthly magazine superbly printed and illustrated. Its articles cover all that the motorist wishes to read about and nothing that he doesn't wish to know. Its advertising pages are a panorama of all the motorist's needs.

A SPECIAL OFFER

For One Dollar we will send you MOTOR for six months—regular price \$3 a year—and a copy of the ABC of Motoring, a book on the operation, care, and management of motor-cars.

Put a dollar bill in an envelope and mail at our risk to-day.
MOTOR, 1789 Broadway, New York City



The Taffy Pull

Karo

The Great Spread **CORN SYRUP** for Daily Bread.

is far superior to any other syrup for taffy or candy of any kind. Try the following recipe. It is convincing.

Pour a small tin of Karo Corn Syrup into a kettle holding four times the amount of syrup used and boil over a slow fire for half hour, stirring all the time to prevent boiling over and burning. When a little dropped in cold water becomes hard, snappy, add ¼ of teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, stir quickly and thoroughly then pour on greased platters. When cool enough to handle without burning the hands, pull. A little butter rubbed on hands will keep it from sticking. The more it is pulled the whiter it becomes. Flavor to suit.

Karo Corn Syrup is good for all home uses from griddle cakes to candy. Sold in airtight, friction-top tins, 10c, 25c, 50c. All grocers.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.
New York and Chicago.

Gibson Proofs



Proof in larger size of this exquisite head by Charles Dana Gibson or of any of Mr. Gibson's drawings which have appeared in Collier's will be sent to any address for \$2.00. Address

COLLIER'S WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street - New York


For Any Skin Disease

use

Hydrozone

It will help and cure you. Will send **Trial Bottle Free** to anyone sending 10c. to pay postage. It is absolutely harmless, has cured thousands, will cure you.

Sold by leading druggists.
None genuine without my signature.



59 H. Prince St., New York

Send for free Booklet on "How to treat diseases," containing hundreds of testimonials of wonderful cures.

LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND

Long Beach Hotel and Cottages

A. E. DICK, Proprietor
Also Proprietor Hotel Grenoble, 7th Ave. and 50th St., New York.

New York's Most Popular Family Resort
Finest Beach and Bathing near New York City
Improved railroad access, through trains; 45 minutes from East 34th St., New York City.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

Nine Trains Daily for Chicago—NEW YORK CENTRAL

out in other respects parting with their individuality.

This is the case with Encke's comet. There may have been a time, when this comet first came flaming to perihelion, when it caused consternation among the inhabitants of the earth. But if so, it long ago was stripped of its power to terrify. Repeated visits to the solar neighborhood have deprived it of nearly all the easily driven off atoms which constitute a comet's tail, somewhat as a bit of platinum applied time after time to a Bunsen burner will finally have all the extraneous substances burned off and cease to make a brilliant flame.

A Most Interesting Wanderer

But while Encke's comet has virtually passed the tail-developing stage, it retains for astronomers, and for everybody who cares about the problems of the universe, an extraordinary interest, not shared by any other member of the Solar System. It is the only celestial body which seems to have furnished consistent evidence that the highways of space are beset by the effects of friction. All other comets (like the earth and all the planets) appear to pass unimpeded through the ether, which offers no perceptible resistance to their onward progress. But Encke's comet shows the singular anomaly of an apparent retardation. To it the ether seems to be a slightly resisting medium. At least, this is the most widely discussed explanation of the undoubted fact that every time Encke's comet comes back it comes a little too soon.

The reader who is not familiar with these things may think that he detects a contradiction between the statement that Encke's comet is retarded and the statement that it returns ahead of time. But the two are in perfect accord. If a body revolving around the sun is opposed by a resisting medium, it must fall inward toward the sun. But, having approached nearer to the sun, it must, under the law of gravitation, travel more rapidly. Its orbit will be shorter and its speed will be greater. Thus Encke's comet, being, as supposed, resisted by the ether, falls a little inward toward the sun at each return to perihelion, and in consequence has its velocity in its orbit increased, so that next time it gets back again a little earlier than it would otherwise have done.

If this explanation should turn out to be the true one, and if no change in the conditions should occur, we could look forward to a time, extremely remote, when this unfortunate comet, swinging faster and faster around the sun, in an ever-contracting spiral, must plunge into the vast solar furnace and be consumed.

Some Curious Facts

But if Encke's comet is resisted by the ether how does the earth escape retardation? And how do other comets escape it? As to other comets, it may be said that none of them has yet been observed at a sufficient number of returns to render the effects of possible retardation as evident as in the case of Encke's. As to the earth and the other planets, this great mass, increasing in a larger ratio than their resisting surface, would serve to mask the effects of retardation, which at the best must be an extremely slow process.

Since Encke's comet was discovered in 1786 it has returned thirty-six times, and the total effect of the supposed resistance has been a shortening of six days in its period of about three and one-third years. In other words, it has come back to perihelion, on the average, four hours too early each time. But irregularities in the period have been observed which complicate the puzzle, and after all it may turn out that some other cause than resistance of the ether is at the bottom of this comet's peculiar conduct.

22

Ireland at the World's Fair

IRELAND, like a heroine of modern drama, has long been known as a country "with a past." Modern Ireland seems bent on proving that it has a future as well; but, characteristically enough, it is summoning the spirit of the past to aid it in building up the future. This seems to be the keynote of the remarkable and in some respects quite unique representation of Irish art, industry, and history which has been formed at the World's Fair by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland presided over by Sir Horace Plunkett. The department rejected the idea of representing the products of Ireland by collections of various kinds scattered, according to their class, among the various buildings of the great Exposition. It has assembled under one roof—that of the Irish Industrial Exhibition, whose ancient Norman gateway looks down upon the Pike—the records of Irish history and civilization from the bronze weapons and tools of 2000 B.C. down to the linens, the shipbuilding, and the often striking and beautiful art industries of the present day. This exhibit has been formed with a completeness, a taste, and an organizing power which make it well worthy of the attention not of Irishmen alone or of their descendants in this country, but of the historian, the archaeologist, and even the mere sightseer. The Irish renaissance, which has come so much into prominence of late years, and especially in connection with last year's lecturing tour of the poet, W. B. Yeats, in the United

Burnett's Vanilla Extract
is the best, and the best is none too good for your food and drink. Insist on having Burnett's.—Adu.

No Substitute
not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals, and general household cooking. It is the result of forty-five years' experience in the growing, buying, handling and preserving of milk by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.—Adu.

RATS AND MICE

Die in open air



The only poison it is safe to have about. Acts quickly. Die in open air seeking water. Dry, clean. Put in rat holes, linen closets, pantries, etc., without soiling anything.

Why take risk of mixing poison

Endorsed by all leading drug houses in the United States and Canada. (J. H. MAIDEN, Agent, Montreal, Canada.)

Ask your druggist. If he hasn't it, send us 25 cents for one box or 60 cents for three boxes, express prepaid.

Rats and mice are the greatest germ carriers known.

The Rat Biscuit Co., 23 Fisher St., Springfield, O.

WE CAN USE A FEW HIGH CLASS

Whiskey Salesmen

WITH ESTABLISHED TRADE

For the right men the opportunities are good.
CAHN, BELT & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Ginseng

culture is the greatest money maker of the age! Start a garden now. You will soon cross the bridge to prosperity. A plot 100x100 ft. will make a \$10,000 garden. Valuable information 5 cts.

T. H. SUTTON, 560 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.



To Owners of Gasoline Engines, Automobiles, Launches, Etc.
The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No bell—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.
22 Main St., Pendleton, Ind.

BUNCH TOGETHER

Coffee has a Curious Way of Finally Attacking Some Organ

Ails that come from coffee are cumulative, that is, unless the coffee is taken away new troubles are continually appearing and the old ones get worse.

"To begin with," says a Kansan, "I was a slave to coffee just as thousands of others to-day; thought I could not live without drinking strong coffee every morning for breakfast and I had sick headaches that kept me in bed several days every month. Could hardly keep my food on my stomach but would vomit as long as I could throw anything up and when I could get hot coffee to stay on my stomach I thought I was better."

"Well, two years ago this Spring I was that sick with rheumatism I could not use my right arm to do anything, had heart trouble, was nervous. My nerves were all unstrung and my finger nails and tips were blue as if I had a chill all the time and my face and hands yellow as a pumpkin. My doctor said it was heart disease and rheumatism and my neighbors said I had Bright's Disease and was going to die."

"Well, I did not know what on earth was the matter and every morning would drag myself out of bed and go to breakfast, not to eat anything but to force down some more coffee. Then in a little while I would be so nervous, my heart would beat like everything."

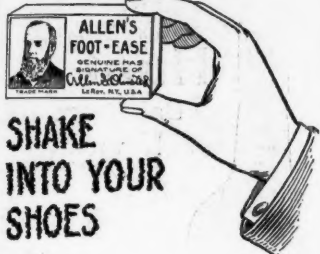
"Finally one morning I told my husband I believed coffee was the cause of this trouble and that I thought I would try Postum which I had seen advertised. He said 'All right' so we got Postum and although I did not like it at first I got right down to business and made it according to directions, then it was fine and the whole family got to using it and I tell you it has worked wonders for me. Thanks to Postum in place of the poison, coffee, I now enjoy good health, have not been in bed with sick headache for two years although I had it for 30 years before I began Postum and my nerves are now strong and I have no trouble from my heart or from the rheumatism."

"I consider Postum a necessary article of food on my table. My friends who come here and taste my Postum say it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

For Hot, Tired, Aching,
Swollen Feet.



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. The distinguished English medical authority, the *London Lancet*, says: Analysis discloses in Allen's Foot-Ease ingredients suitable for treating the feet. The powder is well adapted for the purpose intended, since it is fine and impalpable, with a slippery, velvety feeling to the touch. It, moreover, contains an antiseptic. We have received a list of testimonials in favour of this powder. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Trial package FREE. Address,

Allen S. Olmsted
Le Roy, N. Y.
Genuine bears above signature. U. S. A.

Smoke Up

YOUR SUMMER SMOKE
Should be as cool and airy as your apparel and as refreshing as the beverages you drink. These qualities are not found in heavily flavored cigars.

"SMOKE UP" STOGIES
Are as delightful as the tempered breeze of evening—pure, full length Dutch filler wrapped in Connecticut leaf. By mail only, postpaid in United States. 50 for \$1.00.

"Smoke Up" smokers are connoisseurs
CLARKSBURG STOGIE COMPANY
Clarkburg, West Virginia
Sample Box, 12 for \$5c, coin or stamps.
Booklet free.

LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL
Ayvads' Water Wings

Price 25¢ 8.35¢
GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

A person weighing from 50 to 250 lbs. can float on them without an effort. Inquire of any one who has used Ayvads' water wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Takes no more room than a pocket handkerchief. Sold by all leading dry-goods, Sporting-goods houses and Druggists. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. B.

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.

Salesmen Wanted

Agents, merchants, live men everywhere, start in business for yourself on our capital. We need men's fine clothing to measure and you can sell our perfect fitting, highest class tailoring at a good profit for as little money as others retail ready made goods. You can control entire local trade with our line. Fall line 350 up to date styles of woollens, fashion displays, etc., now ready and furnished free. A great opportunity. Write to-day for full particulars and exclusive territory. Experience not absolutely necessary.

This is a splendid MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY.

American Woolen Mills Co.
Washington Boulevard and
Union Street, CHICAGO
Dept. F

PATENTS

NEW BOOK MAILED FREE
Tells all about Patents and How to Obtain them. Tells What to Invent for Profit. Contains out of Mechanical Inventions available to Inventors. O'NEAL & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 610 11th St., Wash., D. C.
N. Y. Office, 280 Broadway, New York City

GINSENG

become a successful grower. Send stamp for illustrated booklet "G." North American Ginseng Co., Station C, Louisville, Ky.

CIVIL SERVICE Instructions preparing thoroughly for these examinations. Complete Home Study course, including Shorthand, Penmanship, etc., \$5. Catalog Free.
C. C. GAINES, Box 961, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Southern California

For reliable information, enclose five cent stamp to the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California.

GINSENG SEEDS AND ROOTS. Prices low. 50 cent book on Culture and Profits of Ginseng FREE. Send for it.
D. BRANDT - Box 523 - BREMEN, OHIO

ASTHMA CURED AT HOME. Information free. Address Frontier Asthma Co., Dept. B, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAY FEVER and ASTHMA cured to stay CURED. BOOK & Free. P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

States, is evidently not an affair of romance and poetry alone. It is an advance all along the line of a nation's life. The pioneers of this advance are convinced that a revelation of Ireland's high achievements in the period from about A.D. 800 to 1200, when that land was styled "the University of Europe," ought to form the best spring of action for worthy effort in the present day, and the response of the nation to this stimulus has proved that they judged wisely. It is equally remarkable and satisfactory to find a State Department of the British Government sharing this view, and not confining itself even to the political No-Man's Land of remote antiquity, but exhibiting, as part of the general make-up of the national life, relics and memorials of such martyrs in Ireland's cause as Wolfe Tone and Emmet, not to speak of the constitutional leaders of anti-British movements like O'Connell and Parnell.

Irish Art Work

The exhibit is therefore a true epitome of Irish history brought down to date. In one respect, at any rate, it makes a universal appeal. We refer to the collection of mediæval Irish art works in architecture, sculpture, and metal work which is shown here. We see in this collection a wonderful fertility and freshness of designing power, and yet the style is always one and the same, always stamped with the same impress of a national individuality. Cormac's Chapel, for instance, an Irish church of the pre-Norman period, dating from the late eleventh or early twelfth century, is a piece of Romanesque architecture in its general structure, yet it is as different as possible from any Romanesque building in Europe. The Irish architect, in fact, had worked out the style for himself. The Roman had never set foot on the land, never erected there one of the basilicas or courts of justice which were the model for early Christian church-builders on the Continent; and the Celtic architect, as the last eminent Irish antiquarian (Miss Margaret Stokes) has pointed out, worked on the conception, not of the basilica, but of the ark or shrine. Cormac's Chapel happily remains perfect in every detail to the present day, and there is at St. Louis a full-sized reproduction of this very singular and interesting structure. It was built by Cormac MacCarthy, King of Munster, who was assassinated in the year 1138—an event recorded in an Irish MS. of that year, of which a facsimile is placed within the chapel.

To the same period belong works like the Cross of Cong and the Ardagh Chalice, which show the unrivaled skill and taste of the early Irish metal worker.

But long anterior to this time, anterior even to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, ornaments in bronze and gold were produced—collars, bowls, sword-sheaths, cloak pins and brooches—which show an art, limited indeed in its range, for its only motives were linear forms, such as the zig-zag and the spiral, but showing within these limits an exquisite decorative taste and complete mastery of hand and eye. Of these a rich collection has been formed at St. Louis.

Silver and Cut Glass

Not less remarkable, and perhaps more within the range of modern appreciation, are the specimens of the beautiful silversmiths' work of Dublin and Cork in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of the cut glass—now so prominent an art-industry in America—made about one hundred years ago in Cork and Waterford. Also the very rich collection of silver plate, including the magnificent mace presented by King William III, in 1695, to the City of Drogheda, and loaned to the exhibition by the corporation of that town.

Modern Ireland is showing a distinct inclination to turn toward the artistic industries, and is beginning to produce work of real importance in that direction. To build the biggest ships, brew the best whiskey, run the largest rope-works, and weave half the fine linen of Europe, as we learn that Ireland does, are very laudable achievements; but in taking advantage of the universal desire of mankind for decorative beauty, the leaders of Irish industry are doing something eminently consonant to the genius and character of the people. The rich and splendid colorings of the hand-made carpets of Donegal, the stained glass made at "An Tur Gloinne" in Dublin, the exquisite lace, and the remarkable exhibition of pupils' work in the various art and technical schools recently started in the country, are all evidence of the reawakening of Ireland's art-sense as well as of her industrial instincts. We are witnessing, as we said before, an advance of Ireland all along the line. With her remarkable natural resources and facilities, and with a population at last beginning to be touched by the industrial spirit, Ireland ought to prove a fruitful field for capital and enterprise, and to make a worthy contribution to modern civilization and progress. Such at least is the expectation which her fine display at St. Louis must inspire in all who have visited it.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

NEW YORK, 416-424 West 13th Street: LONDON, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Vol. XXXIII, No. 19 : 10c per Copy : \$5.20 per Year

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904

THE OSTERMOOR SLEEP INDUCER
"STYLE B" \$20.

An Entirely New Ostermoor Product

first built for an old customer, upon his idea, and since sold on special orders from our salesroom with great success. Now offered for the first time to our immense following.

A self-ventilating, air-blown mattress, not stuffed like hair, but constructed of the famous hand-laid filling of OSTERMOOR sheets, without outer tufts—therefore dustless.

It is delightfully cool, yet soft as a feather bed—and stays so.

Ostermoor "B" Mattress \$20

Any width and length desired. These mattresses must all be made to order, but we will ship by express prepaid, day following receipt of check.

Its billowy elasticity is practically everlasting. It will not appeal as strongly to some as the regular OSTERMOOR, but will be purchased by the fastidious—those desiring and appreciating extreme daintiness. Sold (as usual) on 30 nights' free trial; money returned on request without argument if you are not satisfied in every detail.

EXPRESS PREPAID—OUR BOOK FREE

We should especially like to hear from our old customers on this mattress—the hundreds of thousands who have bought the regular OSTERMOOR MATTRESS, \$15, express prepaid. We send our 136-page book, "The Test of Time" (picturing mattresses, cushions for all purposes, pillows, etc.), on postal request to any one who "wants to know" even without intention to buy.

Do not be deceived by false claims of dealers. Our name and trade-mark on every genuine "Ostermoor."

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 141 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.



I. W. HARPER RYE
In Every Bottle

For gentlemen who appreciate quality; for the weak who need to be strengthened; for the careful physician who requires purity; for everybody who knows a good thing. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

To or from the ST. LOUIS FAIR
A Cool Delightful Spot to REST is the
Chicago Beach Hotel
Fifty-First Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago
The finest Summer and Winter Hotel on the Great Lakes for families, tourists and transient guests. Only ten minutes ride to Chicago's shopping and theater center. Built of stone and green brick. 450 large outside rooms; 200 private bath rooms. Has nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda overlooking lake. Tempting table. GEO. W. REYNOLDS, Mgr. (formerly Hotel Del Monte, Cal.) Send for Handsome New Illustrated Booklet.

Agents Earn \$75 to \$250 a Month
Selling "NOVELTY KNIVES"
Your name, address, photo underneath handles; also emblems, lodges, societies, etc. Finely tempered razor steel blades. Big Profits. Good commission paid. Send 2c stamp for great special offer to agents.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 40, Bar St., CANTON, O.

Pocket Maps AND Road Guide

For 10 Cents in Stamps

These maps are beautifully printed in colors and show on a large scale the streams, lakes, highways, trolley lines and railroads in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, reached by the Lackawanna Railroad and its connections. Invaluable to Automobile Tourists, Fishermen and Travelers.

A good map is a silent courier of out-door enjoyment. Each of the maps in this edition is 17 x 28 inches. They are neatly bound in one cover and may be had by sending 10 cents in stamps to

T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent
Lackawanna Railroad, New York City



Ingersoll Dollar Watch

If the Ingersoll Watch has any season of particular popularity it is "the good old summer time," when its rugged costume, America turns out for a period of recreation. Best in the world under rough usage.

Best—reliable—positively guaranteed. Sold every where or postpaid by us for \$1.00. LOOK FOR NAME ON DIAL.

KOBLE H. Ingersoll & Bro. Dept. 58, 51 Maiden Lane N.Y.



AGATE NICKEL-STEEL

Kitchen Utensils Having This **TRADE MARK** are **SAFE**

We Make 1520 Kinds

There must be some reason why the Wives of AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE attach a blue label to every piece showing Chemist's Certificates that the Enamel is absolutely free from poison. Cost any more? Yes, a little, send for booklet and see why.

LALANDE & GROSJEAN, INC. CO. NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

allowed on all our bicycles. We SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit; any wheel not satisfactory returned at our expense. Highest grade 1004 Models \$8.75 to \$17. Counter Brake, Heliograph Puncture proof Tires and best equipment. 1903 and 1904 Models, best makes \$7 to \$12. 500 Second-hand Wheels All makes and Models \$3 to \$8. Good as new. Great Factory Clearing Sale at Half Factory Cost.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED—In each town to take orders from sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make big profits. Write at once for catalogue and our Special Offer.

AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, etc., half retail prices.

Mead Cycle Co., Dept. 53-F, Chicago

400 2nd HAND TYPEWRITERS less than half price. All good as new. No. 2 Smiths, No. 8 Remingtons \$48. All makes, from \$15 up to \$60. Big factory sale. We Buy, Sell, Rent and Exchange. Big discounts on supplies. We ship, on approval, free examination. Free catalogue and big bargain list. Special offer to agents. **ROCKWELL-SAINES CO., 281 Wabash Ave., Chicago.**

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned

Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, latest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record, Sawyer Copy Press. **EVANS, WILKINS & CO., 905 F St., Washington, D. C.**

Big Clearing Sale Fifty cents on the **TYPEWRITERS** dollar. Over one thousand machines. Our own new machines at standard prices on Easy Payments. Old machines taken in exchange. We rebuild and sell them. Less than half original cost. Supplies at half price. Agents wanted. Send for free catalog. **FAY-SHOLES CO., 171 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

GEORGIA, Decatur.

Agnes Scott Institute. For Young Ladies. Collegiate, College Preparatory, and Special Courses. Certification to Eastern Colleges. Modern buildings and equipment. New gymnasium. Beautiful grounds, ideal climate, near Atlanta. **F. GAINES, D.D., Pres.**

The SCHOOL QUESTION? WE CAN HELP YOU DECIDE IT. Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge. **AMERICAN SCHOOL & COLLEGE AGENCY** 1825 Fisher Building - Chicago, Ill.

ROYALTY PAID and Musical Compositions. We arrange and popularize. **ON PIONEER PUB. CO.** **SONG-POEMS** 523 Baltimore Building CHICAGO, ILL.



A PILE OF TWELVE THOUSAND SHORT STORIES

Collier's Short Story Competition

The twelve thousand submitted manuscripts are now being read, and the result of the contest will probably be announced in October.

WHILE the aggregate number of manuscripts sent in to Collier's Short Story Contest was not so great as had been previously estimated by many, the quality of the stories, so far as the preliminary reading shows, seems to be very much higher than one might reasonably have hoped for.

The total number of manuscripts received in the contest, which closed June 1, was somewhat over twelve thousand; but the editors and those in charge of the classification of the stories have reason to believe (in spite of the fact that the contest is being conducted thoroughly anonymously) that nearly every American short story writer and novelist of any reputation is represented among these contributions. So large a prize as five thousand dollars—which is the greatest sum ever offered in a contest of this kind—would naturally call out the best material in the country. That was the object in view when a five thousand dollar prize was offered.

The envelopes contained manuscripts bearing the postmarks of every State of the Union, as well as those of the most distant possessions in the Far East. Canada is well represented, and a great number of Americans temporarily residing abroad have sent their manuscripts from France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Great Britain.

The aggregate weight of these manuscripts is two tons. During the last week of the

competition, manuscripts came in by hundreds every day, so that it required a special corps of clerks to handle them and enter them properly upon the books provided for the purpose. An idea of the enormous task before the judges may be derived from the following simple and conservative computations: The twelve thousand stories consist of about seventy-two million words, or as much as is contained in one thousand novels of average length. At the lowest price for typewriting, the cost of typewriting these stories alone was twenty-eight thousand eight hundred dollars. If the postage on every story averaged ten cents each way—which is an extremely low estimate—Uncle Sam derives a revenue of twenty-four hundred dollars from the contest.

It will take several weeks longer for all the stories to be read and passed upon. In fact, it is hardly possible that any announcement of the result of the competition can be made before October—possibly even November—but the editors and the judges are working as fast as it is possible to work, and to give proper consideration to every story as it is read.

The judges report that the literary average of the manuscripts entered in the competition is very high. The editors have reason to believe that in addition to the Prize Stories there will be a considerable number worthy of acceptance at the stipulated rate of five cents a word.



ONE MORNING'S MAIL

The Perfect Product of the Still—



Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

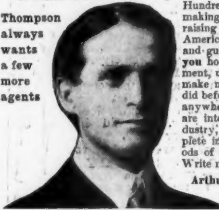
Never disappoints.
It is the first bought because

The Best
is
The First Sought

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THOMPSON OF SCRANTON THE GINSENG MAN

Thompson always wants a few more agents



Arthur C. Thompson, Dept. 19
Thompson Building
Scranton, Pa.

I Am Helping Others

Let me help you. Through my
Industrial Clearing House

I can better your condition. I have on my list high grade positions in every line of work in every part of the country. If for financial, climatic or any other reason you desire a change, Write Me in Confidence: just say I want a CHANGE, or need EMPLOYMENT, and I will mail you my booklet that will tell you fully. I will also write you a confidential letter telling what I can do for you, why I can do it and what I will charge you for doing it. Now Write Me Today Before You Forget It. If you want employees in any line of work, tell me your requirements. I can fill them.



ROBT DAWSON, Dept. 8, FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS

The New University Encyclopedia

Edited by

HENRY M. MAC CRACKEN, D.D., LL.D.
Chancellor New York University

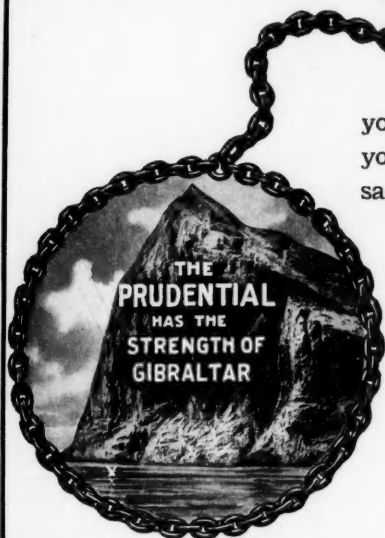
Complete in 10 Royal Quarto Volumes
Handsomely and Substantially Bound in Half Morocco
Sold Only by Subscription

The New University Encyclopedia is written in simple, straightforward English, and contains more information that is reliable and comprehensive than any other reference work ever placed upon the American market. Every department has been prepared by a noted specialist.

WE HAVE A REMARKABLE INTRODUCTORY PROPOSITION

for those who desire this latest and most desirable reference work, by which it may be obtained at a very low price and upon very easy terms of payment. To obtain this offer and full information and prospectus of this work, you need only SEND A POSTCARD with your name and address, plainly written, to P. F. Collier & Son, 416 West 13th Street, New York.

Safely
Welded
To
The Rock



Provision for the future of
your family and protection for
your home is loyalty to your
sacred trust.

The Best Provision
The Safest Protection
IS
LIFE
INSURANCE
IN

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Dept. Y Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.
Visit The Prudential's Exhibit, Palace of Education, World's Fair, St. Louis

The "Pope-Toledo" Wins Again



THE above picture shows the Pope-Toledo 24 H. P. touring car (price \$3,500) on the track at Indianapolis, June 14th. This car, carrying four passengers, won the five-mile touring car race, the nearest competitor being over half a mile behind at the third mile. The second mile was made in 1:21 2-5, the most remarkable record ever made on a circular track by a touring car fully equipped. The Pope-Toledo car was the only one at the meet that did its work in all the events, perfectly, without any delay whatever for repairs or adjustments.

The Pope-Toledo has just made a record run from Denver to Colorado Springs, and also won all the hill climbing contests at Minneapolis on June 12th. Complete catalogue and full details of these events mailed on request.

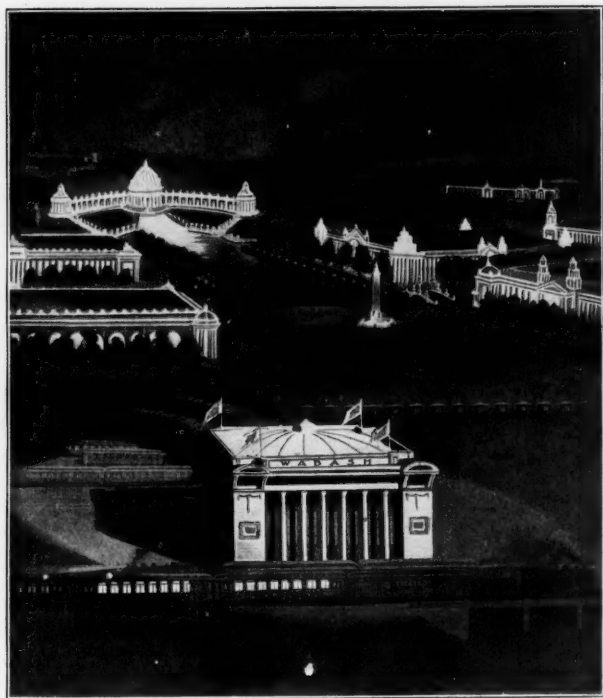
This "Quiet Mile-a-Minute Car" is for all seasons of the year, and is compared with foreign cars that cost \$8,000 to \$12,000.

Buy now and enjoy the late summer and fine autumn riding.

POPE MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
3050 Central Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO.



Members of the
Association of Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers



"Follow the Flag"
WABASH
To the Main Entrance

All Wabash trains into and out of St. Louis, East and West, run via the World's Fair and stop at the Wabash World's Fair Station right at the main entrance. Every facility is afforded for the convenience of passengers at this station—information, baggage, sleeping car and railroad tickets, etc., etc.

The entire picture formed by the main buildings—Festival Hall, the Terrace of States, the Cascades and the Pike—may be plainly seen from all Wabash trains. The night illumination surpasses anything ever attempted, making the scene a blaze of glory.

Our complete guide to the Exposition contains full information, with a splendid map of the grounds, and is beautifully illustrated. It will be sent free on request, and, if you ask it, with full information about your best route and the reduced rates. Write

C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., Wabash Railroad, ST. LOUIS



HOME OF THE COSMOPOLITAN AND THE "TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME," IRVINGTON, N. Y.

The World's Fair at St. Louis

THE COSMOPOLITAN is the only magazine in the world which has enjoyed the good fortune of having some tens of thousands of copies of a ten-cent magazine sell for one dollar apiece, after the regular edition was known to be exhausted.

This happened at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago. The issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN treating of the Fair was considered to be the most satisfactory volume published on the Exposition, and there were several hundred thousand persons who wished to retain it as a souvenir.

The World's Fair at St. Louis will be treated in an even more complete manner in the September COSMOPOLITAN, which will contain some twenty articles touching upon the most salient features of the great Fair, with elaborate illustrations on coated, toned paper.

The world's expositions have marked the progress of civilization and the advance in the arts and in science. None of these, however, has been so distinctive in these respects as that now at St. Louis. It touches life from every possible vantage-point.

It is hoped to make the September issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN a reflex of the Exposition so complete that it will satisfy those who stay at home, and be worthy of preservation as a volume worthy of binding, to which reference may be made.

There will be copies on sale in handsome cloth binding for fifty cents.

THE COSMOPOLITAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLICATION OFFICE
Irvington-on-the-Hudson, New York

CREAM *of* WHEAT



TO THE SUMMER GIRL
The joy of out door life
is made complete by

Cream of Wheat

A dainty breakfast,
A delicious dessert.
At all grocers. ☺. ☺.